Kirl O.M. Rz

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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A SATURDAY NOON IN A SOUTHWESTERN TOWN.—[See next Page.]

A SATURDAY NOON.

THE engraving on our first page represents a bright and sunny Saturday afternoon in a Southwestern town. The quiet which reigns in its streets during all the rest of the week is broken by the invasion of the farmers and their hands, who come in to make their Sunday purchases, hear the gossip and the news, talk politics, and enjoy a little fun. In some of the border towns, where the rougher elements of pioneer life are still active, the sport is apt to grow "fast and furious" under the influence of bad whisky, frequently ending in bloodshed; but in the more peaceful villages the younger people amuse themselves with quoit pitching and other games, the negroes make havoc among the water-melons, and an air of business and activity pervades the streets. There is a good deal of buying and selling during the afternoon; but when evening comes the farmers drive away with their purchases, and quiet settles over the town for another week.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1874.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing a finely engraved bird's-eye view of Saratoga Springs and vicinity, with the course of the Inter-collegiate Regatta.

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CHARACTER UNDER FIRE.

WITH the entire freedom of the press in this country—which we hope that angry Senators will continue to respect as, with all its faults and follies, the surest guarantee of liberty—and with the softening of manners which comes with a truer Christianity, making personal chastisement less common, it is evident that every man, however justly honored, is liable to the most sudden and injurious accusations, against which his character can be generally his only sufficient shield. The actual power of character is immense; but not less notable is the justice, almost delicately graded, of the general estimate in which conspicuous men are held. Of course there are great hypocrisies, but with these we are not now concerned. When the hypocrisy is exposed there is an end of argument.

The justice of this general estimate is shown by the public consciousness, when a charge is made involving a man's character, that it is probably true or untrue. There are men smug and trim and respectable, who are "received" every where, and who fill high public positions with apparent propriety and ability, yet if some morning a newspaper should bring a grave charge against any one of them, although without details of proof, there would be a general feeling that it was probably true. Such men produce an impression of weakness or low moral sense that makes ill-doing probable; and the instinctive attitude of the public mind toward them reverses the merciful maxim of the law, for it holds the accused to be guilty until he proves himself to be innocent. The common way of expressing this impression is that the man in question "does not inspire confidence." There is another class, and a very marked one, which produces this impression less positively. This class includes those of whom we say, "Well, if he has done wrong, it came from his easy good nature; he did not mean ill." And again there are those of whom we say at once, when the foul charge is made, that it is simply impossible—as impossible as that a rose should exhale the rank noisomeness of a poppy.

At a time when clubs and pistols and cowhides were the censors of the press, or when libel suits were more favored as remedies of slander than now, such charges were less frequently made. But accusations are now leveled at public men with a freedom which puts to the most stringent test the value of character. For the instinct of every self-respecting man thus assailed is to keep silence, and to let the fury of the blow spend itself upon the armor of a good name. If an upright Senator is accused with apparent detail of circumstance of having cheated his washer-woman, if a Governor of the best character is alleged to have been very drunk at about nine o'clock on Monday evening last, when dining with the Chinese minister, or if an honest merchant is said to have illustrated by his conduct the maxim that all is fair in love and at the Custom-house, the natural impulse of all of them is to say nothing, and to let the lie die of its own venom.

But may not silence under certain circumstances be guarded too long? May not apparently conclusive evidence be produced which makes it the duty of the accused, however reluctantly, with whatever pain to himself and to personal friends and to innocent persons, to explain? This necessity can not arise while the accusation is the mere assertion of disreputable persons, however supported by an ingenious array of details. Against that attack character alone is an absolute defense. But when a man is apparently made to support the charge against himself by his printed or written word, and in such a manner that it must necessarily, however wrongfully, seem to many persons a confession, has not the case arisen in which he should speak? Can he plead the pain of any one—even of his family—however sacred and dear to him, as against the cruel and remediless wrong that he does to thousands of true hearts which, under the circumstances, are, by the necessity of human nature, torn with doubt and dreadful surmise? Will he say that nobody has a right to call upon him to defend his character? But has any body the right to call upon him to defend the lives of his wife and children? Yet will he any the less defend them against injury? In the case of his apparent implication of himself by his own words, how can any conceivable sorrow arising from the necessity of explanation be so great as the inevitable tragical consequences of silence?

Yet while, under such circumstances, refusal to explain may be a defect of judgment, it is by no means evidence of offense. When a man whose life for a generation has been wide open to the public eye, and has been approved with universal affection and confidence, is vaguely accused of gross wrong-doing, and some of his own detached words are cited against him in evidence, is it not easier to believe that those words have been distorted and abused than that such a man has committed the offense? We may most earnestly wish that he would explain, but, should he refuse, the same faith which instinctively repels the charge, declines under the circumstances to accept the refusal as confession, but believes that what to us seems to be an error of judgment seems to him to be a higher duty. Is this unreasonable? In the exact circumstances supposed is it extravagant? Is there an unjealous man who truly loves a woman who would not under those precise circumstances trust her character more than her evidently fragmentary and incomplete expressions, made under circumstances which are carefully and suspiciously concealed? It is an act of faith, indeed, but is it not a faith natural to the truest love? And what is true of love may certainly be affirmed of friendship. Let any man suppose his best friend to be accused of some base wrong, and some of the detached written words of that friend to be shown to him in proof, would he not instantly and instinctively say that he believed the words to apply to something else, and to have been ingeniously perverted to serve the purpose of the charge; and that if his friend would not explain, although he regretted his decision, he could not for that reason doubt his honor? Of course if other proof than those words afterward appeared, the circumstances would be changed, and his faith might be shaken, but not until then.

If, therefore, under the supposed circumstances silence should seem to many to be substantially confession, and their faith in human nature and character be grievously wounded, it would be only because they had not fully considered the nature and laws of evidence. That wound would be deep and wide indeed, for most persons do not reflect upon the reason of their beliefs; and it is because of that necessary wound that silence seems to us, under certain circumstances, so fatal a fault of judgment. But the very case that we are supposing should lead us to look more carefully at the grounds of opinion, and to see that we do not think ill of those whom we privately or publicly love and trust until continued faith in their characters is impossible. Not the assertion of a newspaper, nor the covert charge of one who, by giving his name, thereby exposes himself to the chance of obloquy, nor yet the detached words of the accused, nor his refusal to explain them, are of themselves sufficient to convict him. We must see all the words, and know all the circumstances under which they were uttered—not the mere fact that they were spoken—before we can intelligibly judge. For as there is nothing more priceless than human character, and no disaster more tragical than ruined faith in men and motives, we rightfully refuse to surrender that faith except to the most absolute conviction. Let us have perfect freedom of the press, and let us also defend human character jealously and to the last against every form of sophistry, craft, and slander, and carefully indefinite charges and insinuations.

CONCILIATION.

EX-GOVERNOR CURTIN, of Pennsylvania, made a speech at the dedication of a soldiers' monument at Lancaster, in that State, upon the Fourth of July. In the course of his remarks he spoke of the impossibility of national greatness and prosperity with one half of the nation separated from the other, and with the continued encouragement of malicious hatred and antagonism and violent denunciation. "I don't think," said the orator, "that we can afford to keep up the continued strife between the sections of this country." Who it is that is making all this mischief he did not say. Who is blowing in the ashes to kindle the lingering sparks the ex-Governor forbore to state. But he told us who has not done it. He compared our treatment of our late foes with that of the French toward rebels in 1795. FOUCHÉ celebrated a victory by shooting rebels. But the orator said that from every camp and hospital and returning soldier at the end of our war came the prayer for peace and reconciliation. "When the Army of Northern Virginia surrendered, the first order made by the great captain of our forces was for the distribution of rations to the famished enemy; and no event of the remarkable life of the President, nothing he ever said, made so deep an impression upon the mind of the American people as the four simple Saxon words, 'Let us have peace,' which he said after the war." During the war also the orator said that we embraced every opportunity to show the national generosity.

Now as those who conducted the war and elected Mr. LINCOLN and approved his administration subsequently elected and re-elected the great captain who spoke so wisely and humanely, and as the administration of reconstruction, with the exception of ANDREW JOHNSON's term, has been constantly in their hands, who are they who encourage malicious hatred and antagonism? Governor KEMPER, of Virginia, has just written a letter in which he speaks of the "Civil Rights fanaticism and barbarism," and he says that he would vote for General GRANT even for a third term as against any "champion of the Civil Rights iniquity." The Governor forgets probably that General GRANT in his annual Message in 1872 recommended Civil Rights legislation. And he did it, undoubtedly, because he saw that it was one of the ways by which we might hope for peace. We must assume, therefore, that ex-Governor CURTIN does not differ from the President upon this subject.

Who, then, are the reprobates who encourage malicious hatred? Or is any body doing it? Is it not merely part of the political capital of the opposition? During the last Presidential campaign it was truly said that the new Union, with all its guarantees, should be intrusted to the care of those who had always held the principles upon which it was founded rather than to any other party. But to oppose the Democratic party can hardly be considered to be an encouragement of malicious hatred and antagonism. Indeed, we doubt if Governor CURTIN can point out any large number of persons of influence or authority who have any wish or who make any effort except for peace and harmony. Senator HAMLIN, of Maine, indeed, has recently exhorted his fellow-citizens to buckle on their armor "to maintain and defend what has been achieved." But the Senator was on the stump in a dry time. There is, undoubtedly, and will long be, a sentiment of deep hostility to the Union in many a mind in the Southern States. It is not encouraging malicious hatred to be aware of that fact, nor fostering antagonism to take care that that spirit does no mischief. But it is not universal, and can be dealt with without the least vindictiveness or desire of oppression.

The great mass of the people in all the States are united in an honest wish for practical co-operation as fellow-citizens, and their conduct corresponds to their desires. More and more will be acknowledged the truth of what General W. F. BARTLETT said in speaking of the Memorial Hall and the sons of Harvard College who fell in the war. "They died for their country; for the South no less than the North. And the Southern youth in the days to come will see this, and as he stands in these hallowed halls and reads those names, realizing the grandeur and power of a country which, thanks to them, is still his, will exclaim: 'These men fought for my salvation as well as their own. They died to preserve not merely the unity of a nation, but the destinies of a continent.'" So and so only will conciliation come. Brave and devoted men, whatever their cause, honor bravery and devotion. The radical Republican, not the Copperhead of the war, will at last be more truly respected by the sturdy supporter of the lost cause as the man who, like himself, stood to his faith and his guns.

SENATOR CHANDLER'S OFFER.

THE operation of what is popularly known as the press gag law, which authorizes the trial in Washington of libels published in Chicago, or San Francisco, or Portland, Oregon, may now be seen. Senator CHANDLER, of Michigan, has sued a Western newspaper correspondent in Washington, and laid the damages at an enormous sum—one hundred thousand dollars, we believe. Now the mischief of the law, as was shown when Mr. CARPENTER introduced a similar bill, is that the power of members of Congress in a community largely composed of dependents upon the government is so great that the impartiality of a jury under the circumstances is subject to suspicion. This was well set forth in the Senate by Senators WADLEIGH and BAYARD, and the expression of the press has been so pointedly severe as well as unanimous that Mr. CARPENTER has been forced to explain in a manner that we have already considered. It is hard enough certainly that a newspaper proprietor in a distant part of the country should be brought for trial before a Washington jury. It is harder because of the presumption or suspicion that we have already mentioned. But in the present case Senator CHANDLER has done something which strongly tends to confirm the suspicion, for he has promised to give the damages of one hundred thousand dollars to be spent in the District should the verdict be in his favor.

It is a gross and grotesque offense, an immense and tempting premium upon injustice, and it shows a curious contempt both of the decencies of law and of the character of his fellow-citizens in Washington. It is in the nature of a bet offered by the plaintiff upon the verdict, and is very near a direct bribe, for as it may be assumed that some of the jurors will be men interested in property in Washington which will be improved by an expenditure of one hundred thousand dollars in the District, the offer is one of immediate pecuniary advantage if the verdict is given for the Senator. The offense is unique, and, as we say, it tends to justify the ground of opposition to Mr. CARPENTER's bill, because it shows what a very mean opinion Mr. CHANDLER must hold of a Washington jury, and inevitably suggests that the opinion was shared by the leaders who sustained the gag law, making them feel that a trial of correspondents in Washington would be equivalent to conviction.

If the reputation of the good people of the District suffers severely in the discussion which this law and this trial are sure to provoke, they will see that Mr. CHANDLER has done more to injure it than any one else. The citizens of Washington can see as plainly as the rest of us the reason of the objections urged to the CARPENTER bill by the Senators who opposed it—objections which Mr. CARPENTER did not answer at the time that they were made. They were not intended to reflect upon the general character of the citizens, but to remind the Senate and the country that a large part of the society at the capital depends peculiarly upon those who would usually be plaintiffs in suits under the provision of the bill that excited the controversy. It is fortunate, however, that the very first attempt to enforce the law which contains substantially the same provision should be of a kind to challenge and alarm public attention. The *World* is reminded by Senator CHANDLER's action of a passage in the memoirs of the Duke of St. Simon, who relates that a lively abbé, hearing of the death of an archbishop as he was chatting with the king's mistress, laid a wager of fifty thousand crowns that he would not be appointed to the vacancy. The lady took the bet, and the abbé lost—but won the archbishopric. We have no sympathy whatever with any correspondent who may have disgraced the press by slandering Senator CHANDLER or any body else. But in attempting to punish what he asserts to be a libel the Senator is overthrowing justice and its guarantees.

DOGS.

MR. BERGH has earned the right to speak for suffering animals. His public service and his fame are unique; and when in these days of newspaper madness about mad dogs he writes of those animals it is with authority. Of course he appears as their friend, and seeks to allay a terror which is supposed to exist in the community. But newspapers are so skillful, and can so elaborate and enlarge and color, that in the absence of personal knowledge the most experienced reader may be deceived. Whether his friends are actually in fear of every dog they meet, the reader knows, but certainly there are ghastly stories in the papers of the results of the bite of dogs, and learned medical men have

been busily experimenting and observing. We have heard very accomplished experts say that there was little in any of the reported cases that might not have been observed in locked-jaw, while almost all of the old suppositions and theories in regard to hydrophobia have turned out to be mainly popular delusions. How strong the hold of them is upon the popular imagination was shown in the case of Mr. BUTLER, who was said to have run up and down stairs barking like a dog. As we catch occasional glimpses of the profound background of ignorance against which our little knowledge flickers so uncertainly, the dogmatic assertions and "conclusions" which we hear seem very grotesque.

Mr. BERGH cites Professor MASCHKA, of the University of Prague, who, he tells us, is an authority all over Europe. The professor says that all the symptoms of hydrophobia are observable in other diseases, and after death it is impossible to say whether a person had died of hydrophobia or of tetanus, or locked-jaw. His opinion is, therefore, that hydrophobia is not a specific disease, but is something that occurs under certain conditions incident to various diseases. STADTHAGEN treated twelve persons who had been bitten by mad dogs. Only one of them was ill, and he recovered. CRAMER says that in 1852 one hundred persons were bitten by mad dogs in Hamburg, and only one died with symptoms of hydrophobia. LORINSER, of Vienna, "successfully proves" that the bite of a mad dog produces no specific disease in man, and inoculation fails to sustain a theory of contagion. On the other hand, the most trivial wounds, a scratch with an iron nail, for instance, produce cases of assumed hydrophobia; and the imagination is always most active when hydrophobia is suspected. Mr. BERGH thinks the present excitement, as described in the newspapers, is a mere madness which will soon pass, leaving the friendly dog to resume his intimate relations with man.

The excitement will not be without good result if the discussion shall lead the owners of the friendly dog to reflect that although he may not often be a danger, he is very often a nuisance. The proverb "Love me, love my dog," shows how intimate and absolute the relation between the dog and his owner is. But there is a large class of the community who do not own dogs, but who have, nevertheless, rights which the dog-owners ought to respect. Persons of the non-dog-owning class may be unfortunate, but we hope that even Mr. BERGH will admit that their misfortune merits some consideration. They are apt to think that the dog-owners have no more right to suffer their animals to smell and snap around the legs of the peaceful non-owner and non-admirer than they have to kick the shins of the same class. A lady rides by a gate in the country, and out flies a dog barking at her horse, to her very serious peril. The owner of the dog does not seem to be conscious that it would be no greater offense, nor put the rider in greater danger, if he should stand at his gate and crack a whip and fling stones at the horse as he passes. There is, indeed, a rough popular feeling that the man who is indifferent to dogs is a kind of unnatural monster which ought to be abandoned to their worrying, and which is probably designed by nature for hydrophobic experiments. There seems to be room for a society for the prevention of selfishness.

THE CHILDREN'S PICNICS.

IT is pleasant to know that in these warm summer days, when all who can are escaping to the hills or the sea, a thoughtful charity has made provision for the country enjoyment of the poor children of the city—children to whom a day's excursion upon the water and among green fields and under trees gives as much joy as a month's vacation to the man. Two years ago the *Times* proposed these excursions and managed them; and it proved to be so wise a charity that this year a committee of well-known gentlemen—Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Mr. C. H. MARSHALL, Mr. EDWARD KING, Mr. W. BUTLER DUNCAN, and others have taken it in charge, and under the constant, sagacious, and experienced superintendence of Mr. G. F. WILLIAMS the pleasure has already begun. The plan is very simple. At about nine o'clock in the morning the young pilgrims, who have obtained tickets at the station, are received on the barge, the big and rough fellows being peremptorily excluded. At the first excursion this year there were only thirty less than two thousand children, and a third of them were girls. There were three medical men and a proper police. Upon leaving the wharf buttered rolls and mugs of milk were served to the party, and the Governor's Island Band played while the king sat at meat. Then there were dancing, singing, and romping, often rough, but without accident, and just before reaching the beach at Raritan, where the party was to disembark, nineteen hundred and seventy stout sandwiches were consumed by the jolly company to fit them for further pleasures.

The moment they were out of the barge they were in the water; and the reporter observed that many of the little crowd were crippled and weak, and to them the refreshment of the day must have been indescribable. The girls scattered into the woods, looking for flowers, and, joined by the bathers, the merry company were called from swinging on the boughs and playing beneath them to the legitimate drama of *Punch and Judy*. Three hours upon shore, and then the whistle summoned the mariners, and the good ship stood home. A ship it seemed, doubtless, to those young Arabs of the street, but it was the familiar barge of the strawberry season. On the way up the bay there was a feast of ice-cream and cake and lemonade for the nearly two thousand; the band played continually, the company danced and shouted and sang, and before seven o'clock were landed in the city again, without so much mishap as a cut finger. The whole sum spent was seven hundred and seventy-one dollars and forty-one cents, or an individual cost of thirty-nine cents and a quarter. Who had believed that so much could still be bought for so little?

Of course such an enterprise could not be successful as it is except under the control of a devotedly interested and capable manager; and he is found in Mr. WILLIAMS. Mr. WILLIAMS believes that there will be contributions enough to furnish an excursion perhaps twice a week during the warm season. Does he mistake the feeling of the city?

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XXI.

TWICE has France striven for that moral purification and that mental progress which can alone entitle a people to be free. In the sixteenth century the Huguenots had nearly accomplished the reform of the nation. They were usually men so pure, modest, humble, that in the first fervor of their missionary progress a large part of the industrial population of France yielded to the charm of a holier example and a purer faith. Whole villages and districts suddenly threw off the vices and the superstitions of the Middle Ages, and rejoiced in the new sense of a higher existence. The Huguenots founded schools, gathered libraries, and appealed to that love of knowledge which seems alone capable of raising man from slavery. How the Huguenot reforms were suppressed by a league of popes, kings, and nobles—how the tocsin sounded over Paris that heralded their destruction—how LOUIS XIV. finished the fearful labors that CATHERINE DE MEDICIS began—how Huguenot schools, colleges, libraries, principles, were swept away amidst the swift decay of all that was useful and valuable in France, need not be told; for with the expulsion of the Huguenots ended the first period of French reform in disastrous defeat. While England was still progressive, while all Germany was becoming educated, while the germs of freedom were rising in America, France sank down beneath a despotism that filled it with almost ineradicable corruption.

The second period of reform, which is not yet ended, began in 1789. Amidst a general enthusiasm of the industrial classes for equality and progress, the National Convention pursued its almost unexampled labors. It swept away the distinctions of rank; it proclaimed the universal brotherhood of man in a nation where the feudal privileges of nobles and princes had been defined with extreme and ludicrous precision; it enforced a complete religious toleration; it called the persecuted Huguenot pastor from his hiding-place, and raised him to a perfect equality with the papal priest. The serf was set free from a fatal bondage, the land was once more divided by the destruction of entails and the operation of the law among an industrious people. The property of the Church was confiscated, and a liberal support provided for all ministers of religion. Education was encouraged and knowledge propagated. The monarchy was retained, but the royal powers were reduced to a narrow limit, and the notion of passive obedience banished forever. The king was to be obeyed only so long as he observed the laws. Universal amity was enjoined toward all nations, and reformed France was to be the symbol of peace. Such were "the principles of 1789," to which modern French republicans declare their unalterable devotion, and to which the Papal Church, the Legitimists, and the BOURBONS avow an unchanging hostility. Yet all the recent elections in France have shown that the majority of the people are still true to the teachings of 1789, that they are resolved that popular sovereignty shall be the source of all authority, that the distinctions of rank and caste shall be effectually abolished, that the Papal Church shall never more resume its confiscated possessions, nor the reactionary nobles grasp again the public lands.

Had France been suffered to pursue its labors of reform unmolested, it might have known for the past eighty years a period of advancing prosperity and of general ease. But the priests, the princes, and the court began at once, in 1789, a war upon the people. They stimulated insurrections within its borders, filled France with bloodshed, famine, and ceaseless misery, called in the aid of the European sovereigns, and aroused in the heart of the nation the wildest excesses of civil disorder. MARATS and ROBESPIERRES sprang up from a maddened people. Parisian mobs, famishing and lawless, turned their fierce rage against the priests, the nobles, and the king, who had been the source of all their woes. The French republic was plunged into a European war which it had never desired, and from which even ROBESPIERRE and the Jacobins had shrunk. The genius and patriotism that might have confirmed the political progress of the nation were corrupted and lost in the license of conquest; industry and honesty perished amidst scenes of robbery; liberty, equality, and fraternity became empty names, and NAPOLEON seized upon the perishing realm. The historian MICHELET, in his last and still unpublished work, has drawn anew the character of the Corsican usurper as he has never yet been known. Lean, dark, sinister; avid of power and plunder; false and hypocritical; the author of the most extravagant laudations of his own fabulous exploits; ever on the watch to rob his great commanders of their fame; from his youth a bigoted Romanist; the worshiper of caste and rank; corrupt, desperate, vicious—NAPOLEON, the chief foe of republicanism, became the leader of the new reaction. He revived the Catholic hierarchy; he strove to found a new nobility, and at last to restore the old; allied himself to the most oppressive and most bigoted of the ancient thrones; defied the murmurs of the people; led France and its liberties to a disastrous fall. The BOURBONS came back in 1815, the Orleanists followed, a second republic arose in 1848, to be betrayed by another NAPOLEON; amidst another climax of national grief and shame, of invasion and defeat, the people proclaimed once more, in 1871, the principles of 1789, and for two years lived with rare prosperity under their beneficent rule. But the Papal Church, the BOURBONS, and the Napoleonists again conspired to drive M. THIERS from power, and to plunge the land into hopeless disorder. Its industry declines, its trade languishes, its people are famishing, idle, uneducated, unemployed, we are told by the republican journals, because the priests and the nobles will suffer no peace to France.

Thus have the French cherished the principles of reform through many a revolution, and defied all its foes. It is probable—in fact, it is certain—that France is far better prepared for a republic to-day than in 1789, or 1830, or 1848. Neither NAPOLEON nor the BOURBONS have been able to turn back the tide of progress; the land has been divided among the people; universal suffrage and universal equality have been attained in spite of priests and emperors; the nobility have lost their privileges forever, and the Church can not hope to claim much longer the support of a government which it threatens and defies. The Orleanists, Legitimists, and Napoleonists have all incautiously displayed their hostility to the principles of 1789, and have shrunk from the universal rage of the people. The reactionary constitution of DE BROGLIE, with its House of Lords and its restricted suffrage, alarmed the nation; the intrigues of the priests seem to have lost their power; the enraged Bonapartists lift their blood-stained hands in vain. GAMBETTA and THIERS have shown a prudent moderation, and the republicans have proved their own self-control. No one, indeed, can read the careful editorials of *La République*, MBETTA's paper, without feeling that Frenchmen are slowly learning that moderation which can alone support a just freedom. The wrongs inflicted by the governments upon the republican party have been flagrant and many. They have driven honest mayors from the republican towns to replace them by defaulters and criminals, or persons hostile to the whole community. They have even deprived republican professors of their small salaries, and expelled them from their chairs. They have silenced republican newspapers almost without a pretext. Their prefects have established a real tyranny over several departments. Yet the French editors have counseled patience, and called upon the people to obey the law. They have censured with temperate and perhaps cautious moderation the blunders of M. FOURTOU or the priestly partialities of M'MAHON; they have assailed the Church with natural yet subdued bitterness. But the chief aim of *La République* seems to be to indicate to Frenchmen the true wants of the nation, to encourage the development of its natural resources and latent wealth, to advance knowledge, and spread the spirit of reform.

That any considerable party in France prefers a monarchical government or a return to the rule of the régime that was abolished in 1789 no one any longer pretends. Certainly not Paris, for Paris has declared by immense majorities in favor of a republic. The elections in all the departments have shown a similar feeling; nothing but a faction in the Assembly that remains blind and deaf to the wishes of the people prevents a dissolution and a return of a sufficient number of liberal deputies to construct a government in accordance with the popular impulse; nor is it likely that the modern republicans will discredit their principles by any excesses of violence or of oppression. The French people have shared in the gradual progress of common intelligence. They are no longer the uncultivated and savage serfs who, torn by centuries of feudal tyranny, were forced by the madness of priests and nobles into the horrors of the first revolution. The farmers and manufacturers of France, the industrial and business classes, are naturally conservative. It is not probable that they will seek either external war or civil disorder. But it is nearly certain that they will demand free education for their children, a reduction of the military establishment and the cost of the government, honest officials, and a true republicanism.

Of the French politicians the most active and the most boisterous, the noisiest declaimers, the loudest in their threats against Germany and Europe, are the Napoleonists. It seems almost incredible that any Frenchman should desire the recall of a Spanish empress and her alien son, that the disasters and the corruptions of the Corsican reign should be forgotten, or France revive that despotism whose certain end must be a Sedan or a Waterloo. But the Napoleonists count upon the national vanity of their race. They haunt the boulevards gleaming with the red badge of the Legion of Honor, crowd the Tomb of the Invalides, and prove their valor by boastful challenges. Ready for any desperate measures, they tempt the army to war, the people to plunder, court the Church, intrigue in the rural districts. They have already won an important election. They have even planned a Corsican vendetta against the republicans, and propose to determine their arguments by a gage of battle. Twenty republicans were to fight twenty Napoleonists! It is thus that France is tormented by its madmen, and in its intense egotism preys upon itself.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A TERRIBLE accident occurred on the Shore Line Railroad, at Stony Creek, on the 6th inst. A passenger train, on its way from Connecticut River to New Haven, was thrown from a bridge, and the cars turning over and over in the descent, one hundred passengers were injured, some of them fatally. The superintendent of the road, Mr. William M. Wilcox, who was on the cars at the time, was instantly killed.

Charges of official misconduct in re-appointing the convicted Police Commissioners have been formally made against Mayor Havemeyer, and Governor Dix has been asked to remove him. The Governor has called upon the Mayor to plead to the charges.

The Erie Oil-works at Weehawken, New Jersey, were struck by lightning during a terrific storm on the night of the 10th inst. The total loss will reach $750,000 or more.

The usual number of fires resulting from the careless use of fire-works occurred all over the country on the Fourth of July. Among the most serious was one in Alleghany City, Pennsylvania, caused by throwing lighted crackers into a carpenter's shop. The loss is estimated at $300,000.

The yacht *A. B. Thompson* was capsized near Atlantic City on the 10th inst., and five persons were drowned.

The Cheyenne and Sioux Indians are again on the war-path. A body of soldiers attacked them near Camp Brown, Wyoming Territory, recently, and killed fifty Sioux. The soldiers lost three of their number.

FOREIGN NEWS.

POLITICAL affairs in France are still in a critical condition. On the 6th inst. the Assembly passed the Municipal Electoral Bill. The Committee of Parliamentary Initiative on the same day rejected M. De Larochefoucauld's monarchical proposition. The Assembly session on the 8th was one of intense excitement. A motion expressing regret over the suspension of the journal *L'Union* by the government was rejected by a vote of 379 to 80, the Left generally abstaining from voting. Thereupon M. Paris, of the Right Centre, moved a resolution to energetically uphold the septennial powers of President M'Mahon, and, reserving the questions submitted to the Committee on Constitutional Bills, pass to the order of the day. General De Cissey, Minister of War, announced that the government identified itself with the motion. The resolution was voted down by 331 yeas to 368 nays. The ministry immediately tendered their resignations, but they were not received. On the 9th President M'Mahon sent a message to the Assembly firmly insisting upon the obligation of following up the law of November last, on which the septennate is founded, by the legislation necessary to complete it. They can not, if they would, he insists, revoke the powers intrusted to him under that law. M. Raoul Duval moved the dissolution of the Assembly, and the motion was referred to a committee.

A bill amending the International Copyright Law was introduced into the British House of Commons on the 8th inst., and read once.

The corner-stone of Lincoln Tower, an international memorial of the abolition of slavery, was laid in London on the 8th by General Schenck, the American minister. Rev. Newman Hall delivered a eulogy on Lincoln. The tower, which is erected by the joint subscriptions of Englishmen and Americans, was decorated with the flags and arms of both nations.

The report that the young Russian Duke Nicholas has been sentenced to banishment for the theft of his mother's diamonds is denied.

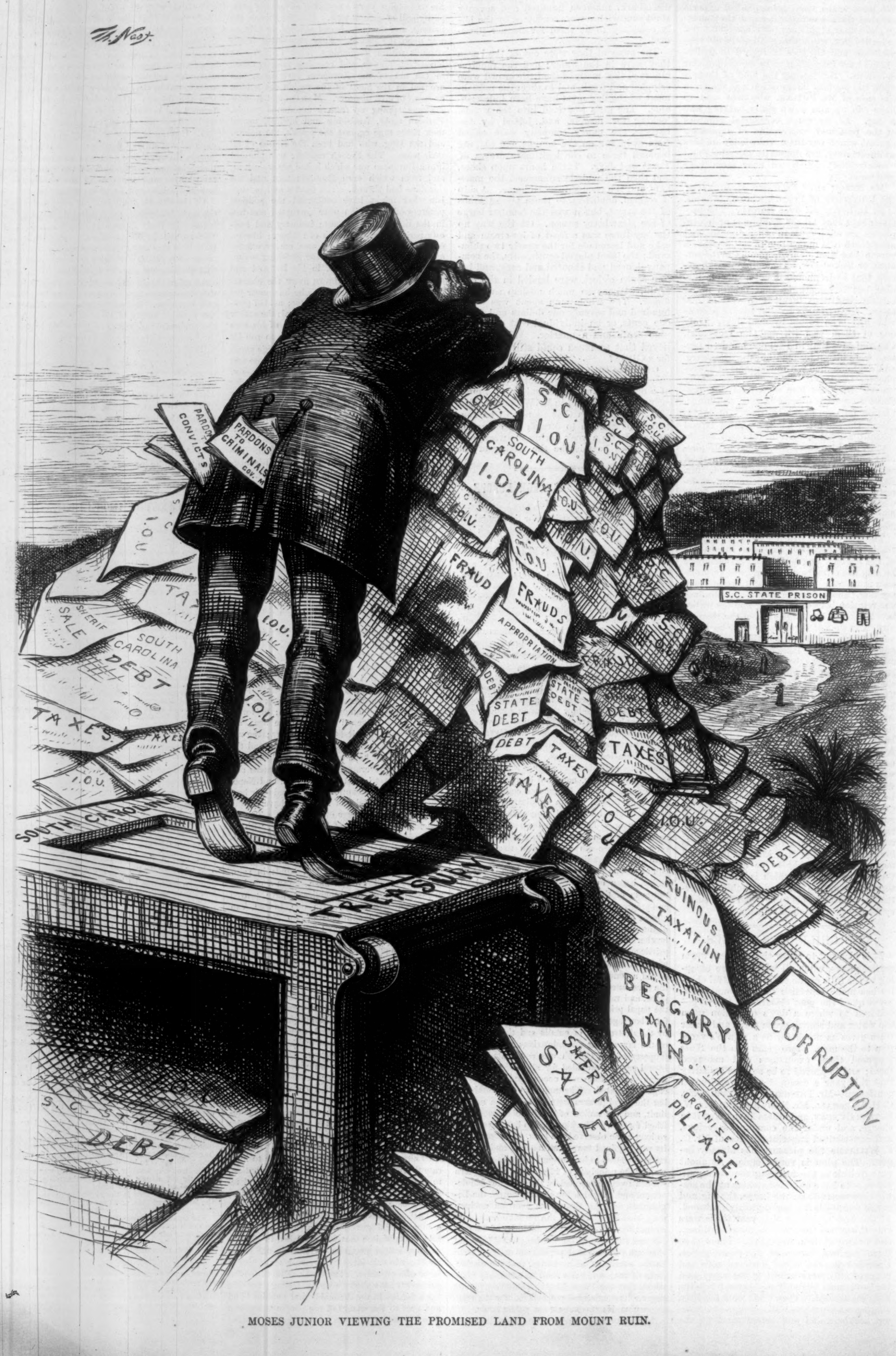
The Captain-General of Cuba has decreed an extraordinary tax of two and a half per cent. on the value of city and county property, industries, commerce, arts, and professions, the capital whereof is to be ascertained by sworn statements, upon the basis of which the tax is to be estimated.

The iron clipper-ship *British Admiral* was wrecked recently off King's Island, near Australia. Out of eighty-eight persons on board only nine escaped to tell the story. This is the eighteenth vessel lost on the island since 1840, and over eight hundred persons have perished on its shores within the same period.

The Spanish Carlists, 4000 strong, attacked Teruel on the 4th, and after a twelve hours' engagement they were completely routed, with forty killed, sixty wounded, and 200 taken prisoners. The government forces have been reorganized, and now number 30,000 men, with seventy guns.

The Sultan of Turkey has written to the Khedive of Egypt in terms cordially confirming the good relations between the Porte and Egypt.

The famine in India is subsiding. The number of natives now employed on the relief works is 800,000, or 1,000,000 less than three weeks ago. Half a million persons are still subsisting on the charity of the government and the public.



MOSES JUNIOR VIEWING THE PROMISED LAND FROM MOUNT RUIN.

NEW YORK NORMAL COLLEGE.

Normal schools had their origin in Prussia, where the first institution of the kind was founded by Julius Hecker early in the present century. It exercised great influence upon the cause of common education in that country, and similar institutions were soon established all over Germany, as also in Holland, France, and England. In 1839 the first American normal school was founded in Massachusetts, whence the system was rapidly carried over the whole of the United States, but found particular favor in the North and West. At the time the last census was taken there were 116 normal schools and colleges in this country. There are nine of these institutions in the State of New York, one of which belongs to this city—the New York Normal College, of which we give an engraving on this page.

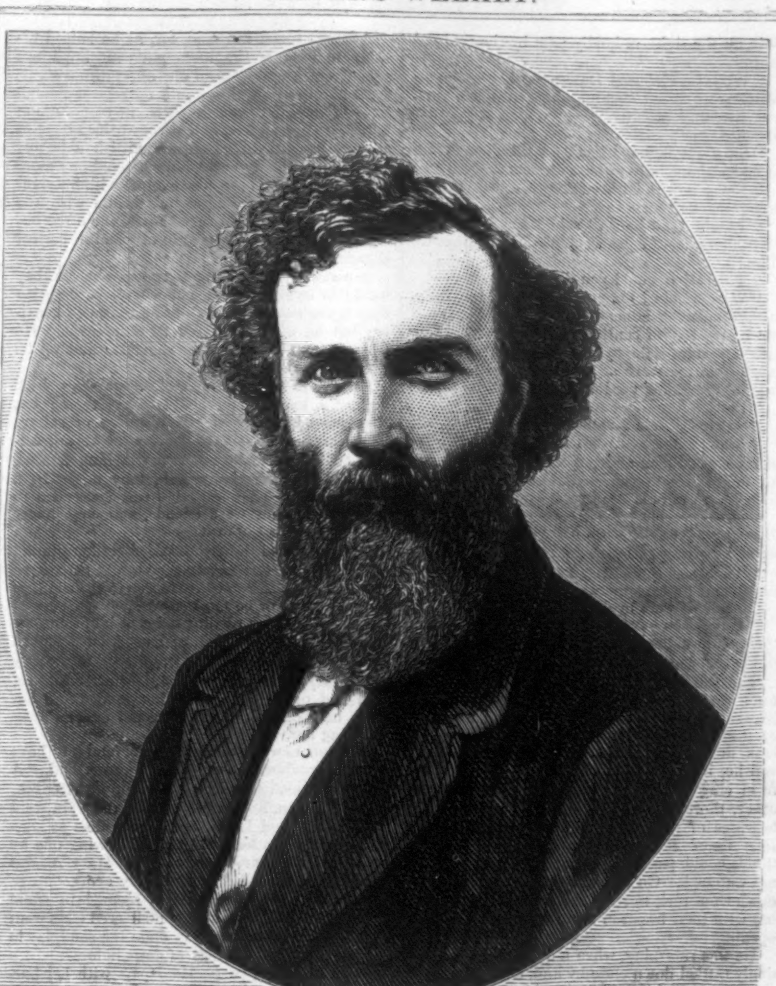
This college originated in the long-growing necessity for an institution to train teachers for their work. Previous efforts in the same direction had been made, but failed—owing in great part to political opposition—to accomplish the purpose, and were abandoned. A daily normal school for teachers, established in 1856, was discontinued after three years' trial. The Saturday Normal School, for the teachers employed in the schools under the care of the Board of Education, was the only institution of the kind during many years, and this, of necessity, but imperfectly met the demand for a higher and more thorough training among those who were intrusted with the important work of educating the young. In order to meet this grave and imperative want, in 1869 the committee of the Board of Education on Normal, Evening, and Colored Schools gave the subject their earnest consideration, and in November of that year presented a report to the Board, accompanied with resolutions recommending the establishment of a daily normal school. The resolutions were adopted, and measures were immediately taken to carry them into practical effect.

In May of the following year the committee reported to the Board that the block bounded by Fourth and Lexington avenues and Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth streets had been selected as the site of the institution, and the sum of $150,000 was placed by the Comptroller at the disposal of the Board for the purpose of erecting the building. Plans for the structure were advertised for, and premiums offered for the three best plans submitted to the committee. The first premium of $1200 was awarded to Mr. C. Arthur Totten, and two additional prizes of $600 and $250 were awarded for the second and third best of the plans. Subsequently all of them were rejected, and Mr. David I. Stagg, the architect and superintendent of buildings of the Board of Education, prepared a new plan and specifications at the request of the committee, which were adopted, and contracts were entered into for grading, excavating, and preparing the site for the new structure.

The contracts for the building were immediately perfected, and the work was pressed with such energy that the edifice was completed, furnished, and ready for occupancy on the 1st of September, 1873. The organization of officers and the enrollment and classification of pupils having been effected, the 29th of October was selected for the formal dedication of the edifice to the purpose of educating teachers. The institution, including a training school to afford practice to teachers, occupies the entire block.

There are now employed in our public schools, under the supervision of the Board of Education, about 2300 teachers, of whom under 200 are males, leaving over 2100 females to be employed in the instruction of the youth of this rapidly growing metropolis. The importance of the institution admits of no question. As President Hunter well remarked in his address at the dedication of the building, the amount of evil which an inexperienced teacher can do in six months, while learning the art of teaching and governing, is almost incalculable; and the good which accrues from the Normal College in supplying the city schools with superior teachers is already felt throughout every vein and artery of the whole system.

The course of study in the Normal College covers three years, and embraces many branches of instruction. To the assertion that too many studies are pursued, President Hunter replies that this is to a certain extent true; but, he adds, many of them are intended by the very nature of the work to be superficial. He said in his address: "Geology, mineralogy, zoology, and physiology are taught in bare outline, and without requiring home study. The instruction is given in the form of lectures, and for the purpose of enabling the young ladies, when appointed to the primary schools, to become intelligent teachers. In order to impart instruction, particularly on natural objects, some acquaintance with the elements and outlines of the natural sciences is indispensable. Of course it would be absurd to expect profound scholarship in all of these, or indeed in any of them, in the short period of three years. It would take a whole life to make a scientific geologist. Nor can it be expected that we shall make profound Latin scholars; but we can impart such a knowledge of this completely inflected language as will make the graduates much better teachers of reading, spelling, and etymology. The study of Latin will increase their vocabulary, and strengthen their powers of thinking. We intend to make the young ladies so perfect in their German that they can pass from us to the regular staff of the grammar school. The English language, composition, rhetoric, literature, and history shall receive all the attention that their importance demands. Language is so interwoven with thought that the two are one and inseparable. They are almost synonymous. In cultivating language, apart from its intrinsic value, we are cultivating the highest faculties of mind—comparison and judgment. Perhaps we have a little more mathematics than may be necessary, and the Committee on Normal College may deem it proper



PROFESSOR THOMAS HUNTER, PRESIDENT OF THE NORMAL COLLEGE.—[Phot. by W. Kurtz.]

THE NEW YORK NORMAL COLLEGE.—[From Photographs by Rockwood.]

to cut it down; and yet, young ladies, if you would have sound minds and habits of logical reasoning, you must study mathematics."

The Normal College has more than fulfilled the expectations of its friends. By the testimony of experts and superintendents, it turns out the best scholars of any institution of the kind in this country. Besides the regular course of three years, a post-graduate course, occupying an additional year, is in contemplation. Every precaution is taken to insure the health of the students. Air, exercise, frequent change, and short recitations are among the means taken to promote this end. The college has an attendance of about 1000 students, from all parts of the city, and of all creeds, classes, and nationalities. The number of graduates this year is 184—about sufficient to supply the vacancies in our city schools.

The principal opponents of normal instruction in this city come from the lower class of politicians, who find that the high standard of qualification required is often a bar to the appointment of the relatives of their political friends. But in spite of opposition from those who would use the schools for political ends, our system of normal instruction is too firmly grounded to be overthrown.

President Hunter, to whose able and zealous supervision the Normal College owes so much of its efficiency, has been for many years identified with the cause of public education in this city. Previous to his selection for his present position he was principal of one of our largest and most efficient public schools, and he enjoys a very high reputation as a trainer and instructor of youth.

The Treasure Hunters;

OR,

THE SEARCH FOR THE MOUNTAIN MINE.

By George Manville Fenn,

Author of "Ship Ahoy!"

CHAPTER XIII.

OUT OF THE VALLEY.

Larry gave one glance over the crag behind him, to see that the scoundrels below were in perfect unconsciousness of what was going on upon the mountain slope, and then dashed after his leader; but before they had gone many yards they stopped, as if spell-bound by the sight which met their eyes, for they had seen Adams suddenly rush forward and tear down the signal, and the next moment he and the muleteer were engaged in a fearful struggle upon what seemed to be quite a narrow ledge. The mules were halted some distance back, and from the composed way in which the women kept their places, it was evident that the sight was hidden from them by some interposing crag.

It was a dire struggle, but did not last above a minute, during which the two men heaved and swayed here and there, till, reaching the edge, they remained bent over, trying hard to recover their balance; then they fell, and rolled over and over down the steep side, to disappear the next moment from their view.

Larry uttered a hoarse cry as they disappeared, and bounded forward, closely followed by Dawson. The way was very painful, though, and soon became a climb down to where at last they found Adams, looking very pale and dazed, sitting upon a fragment of rock.

"An' are ye killed, masther dear?" cried Larry, feeling him all over. "Not a bone bruk," he cried, joyfully; "only his head, an' that don't matther a bit."

"Not much the matter, I believe," said the young man, giving himself a shake, and taking a little whisky from Dawson's flask.

"And that treacherous scoundrel," exclaimed Dawson; "he hasn't escaped?"

Adams pointed down into a rift from which he had crawled.

Larry sprang down on the instant, to come back after a few minutes, with a strange, dry look upon his countenance.

"Dead?" said Dawson, in a hoarse whisper.

"Are there any crows an' bastes ov burden ov that kind in this part ov the counthry, Sor?" said Larry, evading the question.

Dawson nodded—"Yes," he said, "plenty."

"Thin, be the same token, I hope the black-hearted villin won't disagree wid thim. There's the ladies a-beckonin' ov ye. Come along, for thim chaps may make thim out afther all."

"Was he quite dead, Larry?" said Dawson, hanging back to speak to the Irishman, as they climbed toward the edge where the mules stood, as patient as so many sheep.

"Sure, Sor, I didn't like to say so before the masther, bud the baste fell legs upwards, an'," he added, in a whisper, "he hadn't got any head left worth spakin' about."

Dawson shuddered, and the next minute they were leading the mules back into a place of safety, which they found among the rocks, where at least they could count upon being secure from observation.

Here, while the mules were resting and partaking of their provender, a council of war was called, and the matter argued in all its bearings. It was impossible to hide from the women the fact that they were in the midst of dangers; but they bore it all with fortitude, and a look of admiration more than once stole across Dawson's face as Mary made some quiet, sensible remark.

Two courses seemed open to them—to retreat and give up the project for the time, as the valley was open in their rear, or to go forward and try either to find a way of getting out on to the plain on the right, or boldly pass by the ruffians' camp.

"Well, Larry," said Dawson at last—for that individual had sat sucking the end of his stick and listening attentively—"well, Larry, what do you say?"

"Sure, yer honor, it isn't for the likes ov me to make plans, only to take ordhers."

"Never mind; tell us what you'd do. Would you go back?"

"Would I go back?" said Larry, in a tone of contempt. "I jist wouldn't for the likes ov thim!"

"Then what would you do?"

"What would I do, yer honor? I'd invint a sthratijim, an' deludher the varmint. I'd jist fade the bastes full to contintment, an' muzzle their fate, an' thin stale by the ill-lookin' ruffians, laughin' in me slave at thim for a set ov fools, beggin' the ladies' pardons."

"I'm for Larry's plan," said Dawson.

"So am I," said Adams.

"And I'll tell you what it is, Larry, only let us have good luck and get to the silver region, it's no little sum you shall have to take back with you to the old country, if you want to go."

"Sure, yer honor," said Larry, with a cock of his eye, "an' isn't it a bad plan to begin givin' away what ye haven't got?"

"There, get some sleep," said Dawson, laughing, "and I'll take the watch."

Objections were made, but overruled.

"Unless you have rest you can not get through the task to-night," said Dawson; and the force of his remarks was patent to all.

The sun seemed to come down with greater force than ever as the afternoon wore on, and Dawson saw from where he watched a couple of the enemy come up twice, and take a long look down the valley; but they soon retired, and he, in his turn, stole forward, and creeping from crag to crag, keeping himself well under cover, thoroughly made himself master of the bearings of the place, with the result that he soon found that there was no way by which mules could pass save along by where the enemy watched. On foot they might have climbed down from rock to rock, and so gained the plain, but with their beasts of burden here was the only opening.

He was returning, when a detached stone suddenly rattled down close by him, and he had only time to throw himself flat on his face close under a large crag, when he became aware of the fact that one of the spies was up above him, climbing higher and higher, and looking right over where he lay.

It was a narrow escape, and he lay for quite half an hour, aware that a movement on his part must mean betrayal of his position. Then he heard the fellow retire, whistling, and he crept back in safety to their hiding-place.

The fatigue of the party had been so great that, save the watch, they all slept heavily till about ten, when Adams awoke them. Refreshment was partaken of, and they prepared for their start.

By the time the women were ready the mules' feet had been covered with the woolen rug pads. Every arrangement possible had been made for their safety, and they set off, Dawson going on in advance as scout, Larry bearing his orders to and fro to Adams, who led the first mule.

Slowly, step by step, they crept on down a precipitous ravine—so carefully that hardly a stone was moved. It was as though a ghostly procession was on its way, the phantoms of some former mule train; and at last they reached the lower level, where there was what might be termed the pathway to the valley—the place where the enemy had pitched their camp.

Here they halted for a few minutes, to be joined by Dawson and Larry, the former giving his final orders in a whisper to Adams, namely, that as soon as they were out of the shadow of the rocks he was to turn sharp round to the right, and, making the moon his mark, lead the mules right on her silvery track for the next two hours, and then, if not overtaken by him, to halt for one hour. That space of time past, Dawson advised that they should travel on till morning, and then seek some safe place where they could rest for a week; and then it would be wise for them to return—giving up the quest.

"But you, Mr. Dawson?" said Mrs. Adams, anxiously.

"Well, my dear madam," he said, sadly, "it will be only a bit of fate. However, I am talking of the worst, and of what you must do if those fellows stop Larry and me, for though we go in front now, we shall halt by the camp here till you get by, and then try to follow. Good-by," he said, warmly.

"For the present—good-by," said Mrs. Adams, "but had we not better give up?"

"Hist—not so loud. They are not two hundred yards away, though they all seem to be asleep and no watch set. Give up? Oh no! That would never do."

He took a step or two to where Mary Adams was standing by her mule, and held out his hand to her without a word.

Mary seemed to hesitate for a moment, and then she gave him her hand, saying "Good-by" quite calmly.

The next minute he gave Adams a few final orders, and then she saw him step out of the dark shadow where they stood, and, closely followed by Larry, go silently on along the level toward where the scarped rocks on the right rose higher, and cast a shadow right across this the narrowest part of the "gate." Then they seemed to disappear—all three who watched noticing how soon a departing figure grew misty in the distance, and auguring therefrom well for their escape—*could they once pass the enemy*.

"Up on your mule, Mary," said Adams, helping her; "and now be ready. Perfect silence, mind. We start in a minute."

Adams's blood ran cold, for, as he helped his sister to mount, the mule gave an impatient squeal, and stamped with one of its fore-feet.

At another time this would have been enough to set the whole train of seven in commotion; but they were replete, and perhaps sleepy. Not another paid any heed to the skittish objector, and the time being up, Adams uttered one more word of warning, drew his revolver with his right hand, took the leading mule's bridle with the left, and started out of the shadow, the other docile beasts following in single file, and in perfect silence.

Not two hundred yards to traverse before they would be level with the spot where the desperadoes lay asleep. Adams's heart thumped heavily; but he never hesitated for a moment. He had strung himself up for the task, and on he went, lightly and quickly.

One whinny from the mules, one sharp kick against a loose stone, would betray them; but they passed over half the distance in safety. Then, in the obscurity of the shadow ahead, Adams could just make out two watching figures, and, for aught he could tell, they might be a couple of their enemies. He was compelled to believe that they were friends, and step boldly on, hard as was the task.

Three parts of the distance. Another minute, and if they were fortunate they would be past.

What was that? Good Heavens! the slightest hitch would now be fatal.

There was a soft rustling noise, as if of some one alighting from a mule; and as Adams looked back, his heart seemed to stand still, for he saw that Mary, who rode the last, had leaped down, and had taken his wife in her arms, lifted her from her seat on the last mule but one, and was carrying her.

To halt now would have been fatal; to have left his guidance of the first mule as bad. A glance decided him: he knew Mary's strength, and he led on, and in this fashion the train went by Dawson and Larry, both motionless as statues—the mules led by Adams following one by one, and the rear brought up by Mary Adams with her sister's slight form in her arms.

Hearts beat faster, hearts seemed to stand still, as the strange gray moon-silvered train went silently by where, in a heap upon the sand, lay in the dark the whole party of desperadoes.

The last mule past—Mary past with her burden—and then, at a sign from Dawson, she was joined by Larry, who, without a word, relieved her of her fainting load.

Ten yards past danger—twenty yards past—thirty yards past; and, as Dawson watched, the mules already were beginning to grow misty-looking as they trudged on for the silent plain, one great gray lake apparently now in the moonbeams. Then there was a faint yawn, and he had but time to throw himself flat down upon his face, when a man rose from the shadow, got up, shook himself, and strode out into the moonlight, gazing in the direction from which the fugitives had just come. Had he looked toward the plain, he must have seen the dim, ghostly-looking, slow-moving train; but, as it was, he stood scanning the valley for fully a minute, and that short space of time was long enough for the dim, misty figures to fade or dissolve, as it were, in the silvery mist of the vast plain.

But for this Dawson would have sprung upon him. He knew, however, that a scuffle meant an alarm and certain pursuit. All depended on his delaying the discovery of himself as long as possible.

It was a nerve-trying position for the strong man to lie there—revolver in one hand, and a keenly pointed bowie-knife in the other—waiting till this cold-blooded ruffian should discover and attack him; but it was for *her* sake, though she did not love him. He might spring up and run for his life, and get away, but it would be like betraying their escape and laying the dogs upon their track. No: every minute was priceless in its worth for them now, and if he never joined them again, Mary would think tenderly in the future of the man who had given his life to save hers.

"And a deal of good that would do us both!" thought Dawson, waking out of his romantic dream. "I reckon I mean to get the better of this rowdy, and join 'em again, and lay siege to my darling till she gives in. Patience is a virtue, lad. Here he comes."

The man yawned loudly, and muttered sleepily as he turned and looked toward the plain, where all now was one silvery-gray mist. Dawson's nerves grew tense as steel, and he gathered his forces for a spring and the struggle to come. One blow and a run for liberty. Yes, that would do; he would run back into the valley; it would be easy to dodge them there, and then at daybreak he would scale the mountain, climb down one of the precipitous sides, and make for the plain that way. He could sooner or later find the trail and reach them. Yes, that would do. Now for it!

"Hallo!" cried the ruffian, who now saw him; and Dawson's armed hands were drawn up beneath him as he lay face downward, but only for him the next moment to rest there motionless as one dead.

"Hallo!" cried the ruffian, coming closer. "What the tarnation d'ye want? Crawl in there, for the moon 'll be on you d'rectly and drive you mad. Get up!"

He accompanied this last order with a kick in the prostrate man's ribs, evidently thoughtless of the motto, "Let sleeping dogs lie."

"Get up, d'ye hear?"

There was another and heavier kick, but Dawson did not move.

"D'ye hear, Pete—get up!" he cried again, and there was a fresh kick.

Dawson gave a sleepy growl.

"Lie there, and go mad, then," said the fellow, with an oath; and Dawson, who was drenched with perspiration, heard the ruffian yawn, straggle back to the lair under the rocks, and throw himself down.

Saved! and yet the nervous strain was greater than ever, so strong was the desire to spring up and run for life. But he mastered the feeling, and lay there perfectly motionless for what seemed an age; then, slowly creeping inch by inch as might a serpent, he made his way along, pausing over and over again to listen.

It was cruel work, and he dare not attempt to rise until quite a hundred yards intervened, and then it was on all fours that he crept softly away for another hundred yards.

There were no stones now to wind amongst; he was on the edge of the broad plain brilliantly lit by the moon, and even now he dared not rise, but crept away still upon hands and knees till he was quite a quarter of a mile away. Then he rose and listened.

Not a sound—one strange and awful silence. He looked back; there, dimly seen, were the rocks of the valley shining in the moonlight, but no pursuers were visible, and Dawson stopped to think.

If these men were clever, they would be able to trace him by his foot-prints—perhaps follow those of the mules. Anyhow, he could do nothing. It would be the natural track, he thought, bitterly; there was no scoundrel now to leave traces of their route. And perhaps the fellows would remain watching for days, never thinking they had passed. At any rate, there was no help for it; he must join his friends, and try devices when he was with them to blind those who might follow.

"Steer by the moon," he had said to Adams. There was hope in her bright face; and, with an exultant cry of joy, he drew a long breath, and started off at a long double, which he kept up with little exertion to himself, and rapidly covering the ground.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE DESERT.

Day broke at last to find Caleb Dawson alone upon the vast plain. He had walked on all night in the direction he had indicated; and now he halted, weary, choked, and half blinded by the alkali dust that rose in an impalpable powder, and a dread was upon him that he might wander for days and never find the trail of his friends. It should lie, he thought, off to the left; but it was almost as probable that it lay off to the right.

"Anyhow, I must have a rest," he thought; so he sat down in a clump of sage brush, filled and lit his pipe, and smoked it out to the very end. Then he rose, refreshed with his quarter of an hour's halt. It was a pure bright morning, and the sun was about to rise. All around looked clear, cool, and fine, and there was a soft dew upon the leaves of the artemisia, which began to glisten in the soft light.

He took a long look round.

"That's the east," he said. "By-the-way," he continued, with a sigh, "I hope Adams won't muddle himself with that compass."

He could see nothing but plain, plain, plain every where, but in the direction from which he had come during the night rose the rugged hills.

Suddenly, as a dull sense of despair began to oppress him, he tugged impatiently at his breast as if he wanted air, when his fingers became entangled with a strap, and his heart leaped with joy.

"Thank God!" he muttered, fervently, and with hasty hands he drew round the thin sling-glass that had hung forgotten at his back. To take it from its case and adjust it was but the work of moments; and then, going down on one knee, he swept the plain, to see at last in the far distance a group, evidently halting. Yes, there were the mules, looking less than flies; but they were there, and he was saved—yes, and they were saved too.

The next minute he had marked down the bearings in his own mind as well as he could, and started off, for he knew when the sun rose there would be a quivering mirage that would hinder observation, and it was important that he should be well on his way before the sun grew too powerful.

It was a fearful walk, for he had no water to quench the thirst that oppressed him. When, too, he had got within such a distance that he could easily make the party out with his glass, in spite of the dancing mirage, he saw them start; and, in spite of his exertions, he could gain but little upon them.

Again he had to stop and rest, partaking of such little refreshment as his pockets contained. The sun came down with a heat that seemed to dry him up and rob him of every energy; and toward evening, half spent, he was staggering along, when he stopped to use the glass once more, and though things seemed to swim before his eyes, he made out that the mules were halted in a clump of bushes. This nerved him, and now, as if in a dream, he crawled on, how long he knew not, but to hear at last a cheery shout, and as he sank upon his knees, to feel strong arms thrust beneath his own, and find himself before long laid among some bushes, with water—that glorious fluid for which he had prayed—moistening his hard dry mouth and throat, and seeming to give him hope and life.

The congratulations upon their escape were hearty, though Dawson sighed when once more left alone, for Mary was very quiet and reserved. Their talk was mostly about the dangers they had passed through; and Mrs. Adams was full of penitence for what she termed her weakness in fainting at such a time, while a faint blush spread over Mary's cheeks when allusion was made to her bravery in carrying her sister.

A hot wind had been blowing part of the day, and, troublesome as it had been, it had its good points, for, on walking for some distance back,

it was to find that every trace of their foot-prints in the sandy dust was filled in. There was nothing to fear, then, from the desperadoes.

"Only the elements, then, now, Dawson," said Adams, as they sat in the calm night and smoked.

"There is one more danger," said Dawson.

"Indeed! What?"

"Indians," said the other, laconically, as he lay down to sleep.

Days of journey through alkali plains, or tramping amidst sage brush; days of blinding dust, scorching sun, and parching thirst; but there were always the cool, pleasant nights, when their tent was set up for the women, and calm rest and refreshment strengthening all for the toil of the succeeding days. Larry "tuk to mules," he said, "as if they had been pigs, which they did resimble in their nature." At all events, the mules seemed to like him, and before daylight every morning they were away again over this "dhry say," as Larry called it, Dawson never faltering for a moment as to his course, but steering direct.

At last the plains were passed, and stony rising ground reached, where there were streams of limpid water, and places where rest and shade could be had in the hottest parts of the day. Then hill rising upon hill, and mountain upon mountain, dark ravines, and wild gorges with huge rocks piled up and hurled about as if by the throes of some hideous convulsion of nature.

Then days of wandering here, and at last a halt in a wild valley like a deep rift, where the air was cool and pleasant, for they had been climbing higher each day. They seemed to be shut in from the rest of the world, and, after a long rest, Dawson drew out his chart and studied it and the surrounding heights; after which he carefully folded and replaced it.

"Well?" said Adams, for the other remained silent.

"This should be the Silver Valley," said Dawson.

"This? What, here?" exclaimed Adams. "Why, I do not see a sign."

"Sure," said Larry to himself as he heard the remark, "I thought it was to be a glorious place, all shinin' an' white in the sun. Why, silver ain't, afther all, any betther 'an tin."

"Perhaps not," said Dawson. "But wait till we have explored. When you are ready we will go."

"I am ready now," said Adams, looking up. "Larry, mind you are the ladies' body-guard;" and the two young men plunged into the depths of a rocky cavern.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

Mr. T. N. Parmelee, who died in Branford, Connecticut, on the 3d inst., at the age of seventy, was a gentleman of superior abilities, and a journalist very extensively known and highly esteemed by the older members of the press. For the past ten years he had ceased to be identified with any particular paper, preferring to enjoy the literary ease and the pleasure of writing when and of what he pleased, which his easy circumstances enabled him to do. He was the author of the interesting "Reminiscences of an Old Stager" published from time to time during the past two years in *Harper's Magazine*. He was also a frequent and welcome contributor, editorially and as a correspondent, to our leading metropolitan journals. He never wrote unless he had something pungent to say. For many years he was the Washington correspondent of the *Herald*, and subsequently, for several years, editor of the Buffalo *Express* and the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*. He was one of the most intimate and trusted friends of the late President Tyler, and in various ways exercised a potent influence throughout his administration. His personal relations were very close with Mr. Cushing, Governor Marcy, Senators Clayton, Evans, Poindexter, Mangum, and with the cleverest men of their day in both Houses of Congress. He had great familiarity with the public men of this State, and in a quiet, unobtrusive way aided in shaping many of the more important acts of legislation. He was a man of great sagacity, excellent judgment, genial and gentlemanly, with a fund of anecdote and reminiscence that made him always a welcome guest with persons of refinement and culture.

—At the annual Convention of the Diocese of Ohio, held a few days since, Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite was elected one of the four lay delegates to the next General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

—King Christian VIII. of Denmark has determined to visit Iceland this year to be present at the Thousand Years' Feast. He will take with him two distinguished men of letters, Professor Warsaae, the well-known antiquary, and the poet Carl Andersen. This is the first time that a Danish monarch has deigned to visit this most forlorn dependency. There is not much good hotel in Iceland. A good place to go from.

—The Mississippi editor usually leaves something to the reader's imagination. Thus: "Two rough-looking men accosted Mr. Barnhurst, the editor of the Vicksburg *Times*, and wanted *that item* corrected. After the two dead bodies were removed by the coroner, Mr. Barnhurst proceeded to write up the affair in his own graphic style."

—Mr. Francis Galon made a p'int in stating certain curious facts about the "Nature and Nurture of Men of Science," in a recent lecture before the Royal Institution at London. He has generalized the conclusions from one hundred living Fellows of the Royal Society that men of science are apt to be vigorous, independent, laborious, and small-headed rather than large.

—Gambetta's right to a seat in the French Assembly is questioned. His father was a Genoese, and although he was himself born in France, he did not declare on reaching his majority, as the law requires, his choice of country.

—On shipboard it never is noon until the captain "makes it so." So in Rome all fruits go by stated reckoning. The Pope eats strawberries on the feast-day of St. Filippo di Neri, which falls on the 22d of May, after which the people enjoy them. He eats cherries on St. Mark's Day, and if they are not ripe they are forced. The first figs come when the sweet lavender is first cut, St. John's Eve, June 23, and peaches are allowed to be eaten on the day of Sa. Maria Maddalena, July 22.

—The Archbishop of Rheims, who has just died at the age of fifty-eight, was one of the very few French ecclesiastics who remained firmly attached to Gallicanism. He had published as many as twenty-five volumes on various subjects, religious, moral, and philosophical.

—M. Decroix, principal veterinary surgeon to the French army, says that the number of horses, mules, and asses in Europe is 30,780,000, France not included. Carlyle once said that England was a country containing 39,000,000 of people, mostly asses, or bores, or something of that sort.

—Certain Philadelphians, Lutherans, Friends, etc., think of setting up a monument to Dr. Martin Luther in Fairmount Park during the Centennial jubilation. Philadelphia has never done any thing for Luther, and now seems to be a good time. Besides, she is short of monuments.

—General Beauregard has an acceptable thing in an appointment just received as Chief Engineer of the Argentine Republic, with a salary of $20,000 a year gold. He will sail in a few days, and will have charge of the defensive works of that people, and will also superintend the explorations of the Platte River.

—Archbishop Manning mentions, in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, that he once heard Lord Macaulay say that very possibly it may, after many ages, come to be believed by the paulo-post-future New Zealanders that their country was conquered by two warriors named Lion and Unicorn, just as every English child is taught that England was conquered by the redoubtable chiefs Hengist and Horsa.

—The example of Mr. James Lick is beginning to bear good fruit. It is said that Mr. Henry Shaw proposes to deed to St. Louis his extensive botanical gardens, which have long been the pride of that city.

—It seems to be generally understood in Boston that Henry W. Longfellow is preparing to write the life of Charles Sumner.

—"Mark Twain" denies that he is writing a book on the manners and customs of the English. Who was it (some Frenchman?) who, when asked about English manners and customs, replied, "Manners, none; customs, beastly."

—Josiah Quincy, in a little speech a few days ago at Harvard on scholastic progress, said: "A short time ago I asked my grandson something concerning what he was studying, and he mentioned a Latin author and orator that I had never heard of before—one Kikero. [Loud laughter.] In order to find out a little about this person, I asked him, 'Now,' said I, quoting what Shakspeare says concerning that old Roman, 'how should you pronounce what we used to say, Veni, vidi, vici?' 'Oh,' said he, 'we should say, Weeny, weedy, weechy.' [Laughter.] I don't think Shakspeare was at all justified when speaking of this being the product of that heroic gentleman, for if Cæsar only said, 'Weeny, weedy, weechy,' I don't think he said half as much as is said every day in our newspapers of our orators, and especially of our lecturers, put in by their friends, and paid for by themselves." (Laughter.)

—Mr. Surrogate Hutchings has just rendered a decision in one of the most interesting and novel cases that ever came before the Surrogate's Court in this city. For nearly a year past the papers have often contained reports of testimony and editorial articles relating to the will of the late Frederick Rollwagen, a German, who in his business as a butcher and by shrewdness in making investments had accumulated an estate valued at some eight hundred thousand dollars. He was three times married, his third marriage having taken place in 1871, with Magdalena Hermann, who survives him, and who is now about forty-five years old. Prior to her marriage she had been for two years his housekeeper at a salary of $14 a month. When he died she presented for probate a will and codicil, by the provisions of which she was given absolutely the house occupied by the deceased, with all the personal property therein, and one-third of the income of all his real estate for life. The remaining personal property was to be divided in four equal shares, one to each of the sons, and the remaining share to be invested for the children of his deceased daughter, to be paid over to them when they should attain the age of twenty-one years. The remaining rents of the real estate were to be divided into four equal shares, one for each son, and the fourth to be invested for the benefit of the grandchildren. It was also directed that none of the real estate should be sold or divided during the lifetime of his wife, nor after her death until the youngest of his grandchildren then living should have attained the age of twenty-one years. It was further provided that the widow's brother, Henry Hermann, should collect all the rents, and receive three per cent. commission. There were other provisions equally curious. The surrogate gives a careful, exhaustive criticism of the testimony, which covers 1800 printed pages, and arrives at the conclusion that the decedent was in a condition, from paralysis, which made him utterly dependent upon others; that when he made a sound that was claimed to be an assent to the will he was unable to articulate; that he could not have understood what was said to him, and that the proofs clearly show that he was unduly and improperly influenced. Probate of the will is therefore denied. The surrogate's opinion is marked by great clearness and ability, and would seem to be conclusive.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The movement in reference to a celebration of a centennial of chemistry during the present year, the inception of which we have already mentioned to our readers, has now taken definite shape.

It may be remembered that attention was called by Professor H. C. Bolton, of New York, to the fact that the year 1774 was characterized by very important discoveries in chemistry, among them that of chlorine by Scheele and of oxygen by Dr. Priestley, the latter occurring on the 1st of August, 1774.

In view of the fact that Dr. Priestley at the time of his death was a citizen of the United States and a resident of Northumberland, Pennsylvania, that village has been selected as a fitting locality for the celebration, especially as Dr. Priestley's descendants still reside in the same region.

In the circular before us we see that of the local committee Dr. Joseph Priestley, a lineal descendant of the person to be especially commemorated, is chairman.

The day selected by the committee is the 31st of July, and visitors are requested to be on hand by the 30th. The ceremonies will include an address by Professor Joseph Henry, a sketch of the life and labors of Joseph Priestley by Professor Henry H. Croft, a review of the century's progress in theoretical chemistry by Professor T. Sterry Hunt, a review of the century's progress in industrial chemistry by Professor J. Lawrence Smith, and an essay on American contributions to chemistry by Professor Benjamin Silliman.

To add interest to the occasion a loan exhibition will take place during the meeting, for the purpose of displaying apparatus, books, manuscripts, and other objects belonging to Dr. Priestley, or illustrating the history of chemistry. Persons owning articles which formerly belonged to the doctor are earnestly requested to lend them for the occasion.

Visitors will report their arrival to the local committee, who will aid them in securing accommodations. Excursion tickets will be issued at the offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in New York and Philadelphia, good for the round trip, from July 25 to August 10, at $8 50 from New York and at $6 55 from Philadelphia.

The call for the meeting has been signed by a large number of the most prominent chemists in the country, and we have no doubt that the occasion will be one of extreme interest.

In a communication of Mr. C. J. Maynard to the *American Sportsman*, describing his adventures during a visit to Florida in the winter of 1873–74, he speaks of the capthre of a *Crocodilus acutus* on a journey from Lake Harney to Indian River, at a place called Cabbage Slough.

If he is correct in his identification, this constitutes the second specimen known to have been killed in the United States, the first having been taken by Professor Wyman near New Smyrna, Florida. Mr. Maynard, however, adds that during a previous expedition to the west coast of Florida he found quite a large number inhabiting the mouths of rivers that empty into the Gulf of Mexico.

The death at Zanzibar, on the 22d of April, has just been announced of Mr. Richard Brenner, the celebrated African traveler.

From a letter to Leverrier from J. W. Campbell, European agent for Mr. Hart, Inspector-General of the Chinese Naval Revenues, we learn that applications are solicited for the chair of mathematics and astronomy in the Tung Wen College, at Pekin, of which the Rev. W. A. P. Martin is president. This college furnishes, at government expense, a complete course of education for one hundred students, who are chosen from among the most promising native Chinese scholars. The professorship is accompanied with a salary of $3000 and a house, and the candidate should apply to Mr. Campbell, No. 17 Talbot Road, Bayswater, London. He must possess a good knowledge of the English, French, and German languages, besides being proficient in the sciences above mentioned, and familiar with the workings of an astronomical observatory.

The American Academy of Arts and Sciences is agitating the question of the propriety of making a new and more thorough survey of the territory of the State of Massachusetts, in reference to its topographical, zoological, geological, and botanical features. The original survey of this State was begun more than forty years ago, and was the first public survey undertaken in this country, having been subsequently followed by similar ones carried on by other States and by the general government. Massachusetts has the honor not only of originating this series of surveys, but of giving to the country a large proportion of the scientific men who have conducted those of other States. The scarcity of the Massachusetts reports published many years ago has created the necessity for their republication, and suggests the importance of issuing a revised edition rather than a mere reprint. In carrying out this survey the State can take advantage of the provision made by the Federal Congress, by which any State undertaking a topographical survey of its territory is empowered to call upon the United States Coast Survey to make the necessary triangulations, so that the State is at once relieved of a very important part of the work to be done. In making these triangulations the Coast Survey utilizes the experience of the professors and students in the local colleges. The survey thus becomes a valuable auxiliary to scientific education.

Concerning the value of such a detailed topographical and geological survey there can be but one opinion. The material interests of a country have invariably been shown to be advanced by the development of its hidden resources, and the publication to all the world of the results of the labors of such survey. A map representing the land slopes and the areas of the river-bottoms, with the contours of the hill-sides, is of the greatest value in guiding plans of public or local improvements, and preventing the waste of capital and labor in unfruitful endeavors. As a single illustration of this, the results already reached by the appointment of Fish Commissioners may be cited. On a still higher ground the importance of the survey is also urged, since the wide distribution of the reports under the proposed survey will essentially advance the cause of education by furnishing the citizens of Massachusetts with the means of acquiring a precise and thorough knowledge of nature, as manifested in the familiar objects about them.

Dr. Buchner, of Giessen, presents to the Dorpat Natural History Society his contribution to the facts bearing upon the longevity of fishes, in which he remarks that a large eel is now living in a stone trough about ten feet long, with a board top, through which is continually running a stream of cold water. The eel has been kept in that trough for twenty-six years, and now measures nearly five feet in length, the weight about a year and a half ago being four and a half kilograms. The length of the fish when placed in the trough is not known, but its weight was one and a quarter kilograms. It was estimated to be about eight years of age at that time, and consequently would now be thirty-four. The food of this animal consists of small trout, of chopped liver, and of coagulated blood.

With commendable punctuality No. 9 of the work of Mr. Hermann Strecker, of Reading, Pennsylvania, upon the indigenous and exotic lepidoptera has made its appearance. We have already mentioned this work on previous occasions, and have only to remark that the present number contains one quarto plate closely crowded with figures of various species of *Catocala*, of which one from California is described as new, under the name of *C. aholibah*.

Zeigler has lately discovered near Drontheim, in Norway, what is said to be the first illustration of the kjoekkenmödding (or shell heaps) yet found in that country, this consisting of a large mass of broken animal bones and shells mixed with a little earth. In the centre of this was a dark layer, indicating traces of fire, in the form of bits of charcoal, etc.

The death of Professor John Phillips, the veteran scientist, has been already announced as having taken place on the 24th of April, and we learn from the *Athenæum* that this occurred in consequence of paralysis caused by his slipping and falling down stairs. Professor Phillips was for many years closely connected with the progress of science in Great Britain, and up to the time of his death, at the age of seventy-three, he was still engaged in scientific pursuits. He is best known, perhaps, as a geologist, and his first taste in this direction was imparted by his uncle, Mr. William Smith, well known in connection with the development of geology in Great Britain. Professor Phillips was Mr. Smith's assistant for a time in the preparation of a series of maps of the strata of England and Wales, and in 1824 commenced delivering lectures in various parts of England upon geology and paleontology, occupying the position of secretary of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. He took a large part in the establishment of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and was its secretary for many years. He also occupied the chair of geology in King's College, London, and subsequently in the University of Dublin; and at the death of Professor Strickland he was appointed deputy reader in geology in the University of Oxford. Various important geological works have appeared from his pen, which have had much influence in advancing the science.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A countryman took his seat at a hotel table opposite to a gentleman who was indulging in a bottle of wine. Supposing the wine to be common property, our unsophisticated country friend helped himself to it with the gentleman's glass. "That's cool!" exclaimed the owner of the wine, indignantly. "Yes," replied the other; "I should think there was *ice* in it."

A Sunday-school teacher, wishing his pupils to have a clear idea of faith, illustrated it thus: "Here is an apple—you see it, and therefore know that it is there; but when I place it under this tea-cup you have faith that it is there, though you no longer see it." The lads seemed to understand perfectly; and the next time the teacher asked them, "What is faith?" they answered, with one accord, "An apple under a tea-cup."

While witnessing a game of base-ball out West, a boy was struck on the back of his head, the bawl coming out of his mouth.

Quin, the actor, being asked by a lady why there were more women in the world than men, replied, "It is in conformity with the other arrangements of nature: we always see more of heaven than of earth."

A prominent public office in Nashville has this notice posted up, "Don't open this door;" under which some wag wrote the query, "Why?" and another responded, "Because you can't; it's locked."

A slab above a grave in Arkansas bears the following legend, evidently the tribute of a devoted but discriminating husband:

"She washed the children,
Fed the fowls,
And made her home
Resound with howls."

When a man nearly breaks his neck trying to get out of the way of a "lightning-bug," supposing it to be the head-light of a locomotive, it is time for him to sign the pledge.

A female pawnbroker, hauled up for extortion, claimed immunity on the ground that she was a loan woman.

They tell a queer story about the doctors in a certain Texas town, who all went last summer to attend a medical convention. They were absent about two months, and on their return found all their patients had recovered, the drug stores had closed, the nurses opened dancing-schools, the cemetery was cut up into building lots, the undertakers had gone to making fiddles, and the hearse had been painted and sold for a circus wagon.

Preferred Creditors.—Those who don't dun.

Coleridge, when lecturing while a young man, was once violently hissed. He immediately retorted, "When a cold stream of truth is poured on red-hot prejudices, no wonder they hiss."

Question for Florists.—Is not a rich mandarin a China Astor?

A Frenchman having heard the word *press* made use of to signify persuasion—as "Press that gentleman to take something to eat"—took occasion one evening at a party to use a term which he thought synonymous, and begged a friend to *squeeze* a young lady to sing.

Why can a person who has run away from his creditors be said to be a man of integrity?—Because he is *a non est* man.

"For twenty long years," says a New Jersey paper, "the wolf stood at this poor widow's door." To keep a wolf standing that long is nothing less than cruelty to animals, and the attention of Bergh is called to the circumstance.

The Duke of Wellington, when Premier, was the terror of the idlers in Downing Street. On one occasion when Treasury clerks told him that some required mode of making up the accounts was impracticable, they were met with the curt reply, "Never mind; if you can't do it, I'll send you half a dozen pay-sergeants that will"—a hint that they did not fail to take.

"APOLLO AS THE HERDSMAN OF ADMETUS."—FROM THE

From the Painting by Briton Rivière.—[See Page 622.]

"APOLLO AS A HERDSMAN."

ACCORDING to classic legend, Apollo, incensed at the death of Æsculapius, his son, who fell by the thunder-bolt of Jove for bringing the dead to life, slew the Cyclops, the forgers of the thunder-bolt, and was for this deed exiled from heaven. Coming down to earth, he took service as a herdsman with ADMETUS, King of Pheræ, in Thessaly, and pastured his flocks and herds on the banks of the Amphrysus. While thus engaged he beguiled the hours with his lyre, which he struck with such divine skill that the very beasts of the forest gathered about him to listen to the enchanting strains. One of these wonderful sylvan concerts is imaginatively represented in our double-page engraving.

The same marvelous power is ascribed by legends to Orpheus, who, according to our traditions, was the son of Apollo, and the Muse Calliope. He was one of the Argonauts, to whom he rendered the greatest service with his lyre. Its enchanting tones made the *Argo* move into the water, delivered the heroes from many difficulties and dangers while on the voyage, and mainly contributed to their success in obtaining the golden fleece.

After the voyage Orpheus returned to the cavern in Thrace where he commonly dwelt. Such was the skill with which he struck the lyre that the very rocks and trees are fabled to have moved from their place to listen, and the wild beasts of the forest trooped around him, drawn by the enchanting strains.

FLYING.

FLYING down into the dark,
Cloudy schooner, brig, and bark,
Flit away beyond the bar,
Melting, fading, far and far—
Flying down into the dark.

Flying fast from sand to sand,
Spurning ocean, spurning land,
A sea-bird wheels in ardent quest;
Prythee, brother, canst not rest?—
Flying fast from sand to sand.

Flying far beyond the blue,
Thought's a willful wanderer too;
Love, dost draw my dreams thy way?
All in vain I bid them stay—
Flying far beyond the blue.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "AURORA FLOYD," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THROUGH THE DESERT PAST MY FANCY MARCHES."

A YEAR had gone by since James Penwyn met his death by the lonely river at Eborsham, and again Humphrey Clissold spent his summer holiday in a walking tour. This time he was quite alone. Pleasant and social though he was, he did not make friendships lightly or quickly. In the year that was gone he had found no friend to replace James Penwyn. He had plenty of agreeable acquaintances, knew plenty of men who were glad to dine with him or to give him a dinner. He was famous already, in a small way, at the literary club where he spent many of his evenings when he was in London, and men liked to hear him talk, and prophesied fair things for his future as a man of letters, all the more surely because he was not called upon to write for bread, but could follow the impulse that moved him, and wait, were it ever so long, for the moment of inspiration; never forced to spur the jaded steed, or work the too-willing horse to death.

Not one of the comrades he liked well enough for a jovial evening or a cozy dinner had crept into his heart like the lad he had sworn to cherish in the ears of a dying woman five years ago. So when the roses were in bloom, and London began to look warm and dusty, the parks faded a little from their vernal green, Humphrey Clissold set forth alone upon a voyage of adventure, with a pocket Shakspeare and a quire or so of paper in his battered old leathern knapsack, and just so much clothing and linen as might serve him for his travels.

Needless to say that he avoided that northern city of Eborsham, where such sudden grief had come upon him, and all that route which he had trodden only a year ago with the light-hearted, hopeful lad who now slept his sweetest sleep in one of the vaults at Kensal Green, beside the mother he had loved and mourned.

Instead of northward, to the land of lakes and mountains, Humphrey went due west. Many a time had he and James Penwyn talked of the days they were to spend together down at the old place in Cornwall; and behold, that visit to Penwyn Manor, deferred in order that James should see the lake country, was destined never to be paid. Never were those two to walk together by the Atlantic, never to scale Tintagel's rugged height, or ramble among the rocks of Bude.

Humphrey had a curious fancy for seeing the old home from which death had ousted James Penwyn. He might have gone as a visitor to the Manor-house, had he pleased, for Churchill had been extremely civil to him when they last met at the funeral, and had promised him a hearty welcome to Penwyn whenever he liked to come there.

Mr. Clissold infinitely preferred to go as an unknown pedestrian—knapsack on shoulder—having first taken the trouble to ascertain that Churchill Penwyn and his beautiful young wife were in London, where they had, for this season, a furnished house in Upper Brook Street. He saw their names in the list of guests at a fashionable reception, and knew that the coast would be clear, and that he could roam about the neighborhood of his dead friend's ancestral home without let or hinderance. He went straight to Plymouth by an express train, crossed the Tamar, and pursued his journey on foot at a leisurely pace, lingering at all the prettiest spots—now spending a day or two at some rustic way-side inn—rambling about, sketching a little, reading a little, writing a little, thinking and dreaming a great deal.

It was an idle fancy that had brought him here, and he gave a free rein to all other idle fancies that seized him by the way. It was a morbid fancy, perhaps, for it must needs be but a melancholy pleasure at best to visit the domain which his friend had never enjoyed, to remember so many boyish schemes unfulfilled, so many bright hopes snapped short off by the shears of Atropos.

The long blue line of sea and the irregular green line of low hills were steeped in the golden light of a midsummer afternoon when Humphrey drew near Penwyn Manor. The scene was far more lonely than he had imagined it. Measureless ocean stretched before him, melting into the hazy summer sky—sea and heaven so near of a color that it was hard to tell where the water ended and the sky began—measureless hills around him, and except the white sheep yonder, making fleecy dots upon the side of the topmost hill, no sign of life. He had left the village of Penwyn behind him by a good two miles, but had not yet come in sight of the Manor-house, though he had religiously followed the track pointed out to him by the hostess of the little inn—a mere cottage—where he left his knapsack, and where he had been respectfully informed that he could not have a bed.

"At the worst I can sleep on one of these hills," he said to himself. "It can hardly be very cold, even at night, in this western climate."

He walked a little further on, upon a narrow foot-path high above the sea-level. On his right hand there were wide corn fields, with here and there an open tract of turnip or mangel; on his left only the wild-looking pastures, undulating like a sea of verdure. The ground had dipped a little while ago, and as it rose again, with a gentle ascent, Humphrey Clissold saw the chimney-stacks of the Manor-house between him and the sea.

It was a substantial-looking house, built of a grayish stone—a long low building, with grounds that stretched to the edge of the cliff, sheltered by a belt of fir and evergreen oak. The blue sea showed in little patches of gleaming color through the dark foliage, and the spicy odor of the pines perfumed the warm still air. In its utter loneliness the house had a gloomy look, despite the grandeur of its situation on this bold height above the sea. The grounds were extensive, but to Humphrey Clissold they seemed somewhat barren; orderly, beyond doubt, and well-timbered, but lacking the smiling fertility, the richness of ornament, which a student of Horace and Pliny desired in his ideal garden.

But Mr. Clissold did not make acquaintance with the inside of the shrubbery or gardens without some little difficulty. His foot-path led him ultimately into a villainous high-road, just in front of the gates of Penwyn, so the landlady of the village inn had not sent him astray. There was a lodge beside the gate, a square stone cottage, covered with myrtle, honeysuckle, and roses, from which emerged an elderly female, swarthy of aspect, her strongly marked countenance framed in a frilled cap, which gave an almost grotesque look to that tawny countenance.

"Can I see the house and grounds, ma'am?" asked Humphrey, approaching this somewhat grim-looking personage with infinite civility.

He had a vague idea that he must have seen that face before, or imagined it in a dream, so curiously did it remind him of some past occasion in his life—what, he knew not.

"The house is never shown to strangers," answered the woman.

"I know Mr. Penwyn, and will leave my card for him."

"You'd better apply to the housekeeper. As to the grounds, my little granddaughter will take you round, if you like. Elspeth!" called the woman; and a black-eyed girl of twelve appeared at the cottage door, like a sprite at the sound of an incantation.

"Take this gentleman round the gardens," said the old woman, and vanished, before Humphrey could quite make up his mind as to whether he had seen a face like that in actual flesh and blood or only on a painter's canvas.

The girl, who had an impish look, he thought, with her loose black locks, scarlet petticoat, and scanty scarlet shawl pinned tightly across her bony shoulders, led the way through a wild-looking shrubbery, where huge blocks of granite lay among the ferns which grew with rank luxuriance between the straight pine stems. A sandy path wound in and out among trees and shrubs, till Humphrey and his guide emerged upon a wide lawn at the back of the house, whose many windows blinked at them, shining in the western sun. There were no flower beds on the lawn, but there was a small square garden, in the Dutch style, on one side of the house, and a bowling-green on the other. A terraced walk stretched in front of the windows, raised three or four feet above the level of the lawn, and guarded by a stone balustrade somewhat defaced by time. A fine old sun-dial marked the centre of the Dutch garden, where the geometrical flower beds were neatly kept, and where Humphrey found a couple of gardeners, elderly men both, at work weeding and watering in a comfortable, leisurely manner.

"What a paradise for the aged!" thought Humphrey; "the woman at the lodge was old, the gardeners are old, every thing about the place is old, except this impish girl, who looks the oldest of all, with her evil black eyes and vinegar voice."

Mr. Clissold had not come so far without entering into conversation with the damsel. He had asked her a good many questions about the place and the people to whom it belonged. But her answers were of the briefest, and she affected the profoundest ignorance about every thing and every body.

"You've not been here very long, I suppose, my girl," he said at last, with some slight sense of irritation, "or you'd know a little more about the place."

"I haven't been here much above six months."

"Oh! But your grandmother has lived here all her life, I dare say."

"No, she hasn't. Grandmother came when I did."

"And where did you both come from?"

"Foreign parts," answered the girl.

"Indeed! you both speak very good English for people who come from abroad."

"I didn't say we were foreigners, did I?" asked the girl, pertly. "If you want to ask any more questions about the place or the people, you'd better ask 'em of the housekeeper, Mrs. Darvis; and if you want to see the house, you must ask lief of her; and this is the door you'd better ring at, if you want to see her."

They were at one end of the terrace, by a low, half-glass door which opened into a small and darksome lobby, where the effigies of a couple of ill-used ancestors frowned from the dusky walls, as if indignant at being placed in so obscure a corner. Humphrey rang the bell, and after repeating that operation more than once, and waiting with consummate patience for the result, he was rewarded by the appearance of an elderly female, homely, fresh-colored, comfortable-looking, affording altogether an agreeable contrast to the tawny visage of the lodge-keeper, whose countenance had given Humphrey an unpleasant feeling about Penwyn Manor. First impressions are so easily formed, and depend upon such trifles.

Mr. Clissold stated his business, and after spelling over his card and deliberating a little, Mrs. Darvis consented to admit him, and to show him the house.

"We used to show it to strangers pretty freely till the new Squire came into possession," she said, "but he's rather particular. However, if you're a friend of his—"

"I know him very well; and poor James Penwyn was my most intimate friend."

"Poor Mr. James! I never saw him but once, when he came down to see the place soon after the old Squire's death. Such a frank, open-hearted young gentleman, and so free-spoken! It was a terrible blow to all of us down here when we read about the murder. Not but what the present Mr. Penwyn is a liberal master and a kind landlord and a good friend to the poor. There couldn't be a better gentleman for Penwyn."

"I am glad to hear you give him so good a character," said Humphrey.

The girl Elspeth had followed him into the house uninvited, and stood in the background, open-eyed, with her thin lips drawn tightly together, and a sharp, eager look in her face, listening intently.

"As for Mrs. Penwyn," said the housekeeper, "why, she's a lady in a thousand! She might be a queen, there's something so grand about her. Yet so affable that she couldn't pass one of the little children at the poor-school without saying a kind word; and so thoughtful for the poor that they've no need to tell her their wants, she provides for them beforehand."

"A model Lady Bountiful," exclaimed Humphrey.

"You may run home to your grandmother, Elspeth," said Mrs. Darvis.

"I was to show the gentleman the grounds," answered the damsel; "he hasn't half seen 'em yet."

In her devotion to the service she had undertaken the girl followed at their heels through the old house, drinking in every word that was said by Mr. Darvis or the stranger.

The house was old and somewhat gloomy, belonging to the Tudor school of architecture, when the heavy stone-work of the window-frames, the lozenge-shaped mullions, the massive cross-bars were eminently adapted to exclude light. Even what light they did admit was in many places tempered by stained glass emblazoned with the arms and mottoes of the Penwyn family in all its ramifications, showing how it had become entangled with other families, and bore the arms of heiresses on its shield, until that original badge which Sir Thomas Penwyn, the crusader, had first carried atop of his helmet was almost lost among the various devices in a barry of eight.

The rooms were spacious, but far from lofty, the chimney-pieces of carved oak and elaborate workmanship, the paneling between mantel-board and ceiling richly embellished, and over all the principal chimney-pieces appeared the Penwyn arms and motto, "*J'attends.*"

There was much old tapestry, considerably the worse for wear, for the old house had been sorely neglected during that dreary interval between the revolution and the days of George the Third, when the Penwyn family had fallen into comparative poverty, and the fine old mansion had been little better than a farm-house. Indeed, brawny agricultural laborers had eaten and drunken in the banqueting-hall, now the state dining-room, and handsomely furnished with plain and massive oaken furniture by the old Squire, Churchill's grandfather.

This room was one of the largest in the house, and looked toward the sea. Drawing-room, music-room, library, and boudoir were on the other side of the house, with windows opening on the terrace. The drawing-room and boudoir had been refurnished by Churchill since his marriage.

"The old Squire kept very little company, and hardly ever went inside any of those rooms," said Mrs. Darvis. "In summer he used to sit in the yew-tree bower on the bowling-green after dinner, and in winter he used to smoke his pipe in the steward's room mostly, and talk to his bailiff. The dining-room was the only large room he ever used. So when Mr. Churchill Penwyn came he found the drawing-room very bare of furniture, and what there was was too shabby for his taste, so he had that and the boudoir furnished after the old style by a London upholsterer, and put a grand piano and a harmonium in the music-room; and the drawing-room tapestry is all new, made by the Goblins, Mrs. Penwyn told me, which, I suppose, was only her fanciful way of putting it."

The dame opened the door as she spoke, and admitted Humphrey into this sacred apartment, where the chairs and sofas were shrouded with holland.

The tapestry was an exquisite specimen of that patient art. Its subject was the story of Arion; and the friendly dolphin and summer sea, the Greek sailors, Periander's white-walled palace, lived upon the work. Triangular cabinets of carved ebony adorned the corners of the room, and were richly furnished with the Bellingham *bric-à-brac*, the only dower Sir Nugent had been able to give his daughter. The chairs and sofas, from which Mrs. Darvis lifted a corner of the holland for the visitor's gratification, were of the same dark wood, upholstered with richest olive-green damask of mediæval diaper pattern. The window-curtains were of the same fabric, and their sombre tint harmonized admirably with the brighter hues of the tapestry. The floor was darkest oak, only covered in the centre of the room with a Persian carpet. The boudoir, which opened out of the drawing-rooms, was furnished in exactly the same style, only here the tapestried walls told the story of Hero and Leander.

"I believe it was all Mrs. Penwyn's taste," said the housekeeper, when Humphrey had admired every thing. "Her rooms up stairs are a picture—nothing out of character with the house, the head upholsterer said. 'There's so few ladies have got any notion of character,' he says. 'They'll furnish an old manor-house with flimsy white and gold of the Lewis Quince style, only fit for a drawing-room in the Shamps Eliza; and if you ask them why, they'll say because it's pretty, and they like it. Mrs. Penwyn is an artist,' says the upholsterer's foreman."

Humphrey did not hurry his inspection, finding the housekeeper communicative and the place full of interest. He heard a great deal about the old Squire, Nicholas Penwyn, who had reigned for forty years, and for whom his dependents had evidently felt a curious mixture of fear, respect, and affection.

"He was a just man," said Mrs. Darvis, "but stern; and it was but rarely he forgave any one that once offended him. It took a good deal to offend him, you know, Sir, but when he did take offense the wound rankled deep. I've heard our old doctor say the Squire had bad flesh for healing. He never got on very well with his eldest son, Mr. George, though he was the handsomest of the three brothers, and the best of them too, to my mind."

"What made them disagree?" asked Humphrey. They had made the round of the house by this time, and the traveler had seated himself comfortably on a broad window-seat in the entrance hall—a window through which the setting sun shone bright and warm. Mrs. Darvis sat on a carved oak bench by the fire-place, resting after her unwonted exertions. Elspeth stood at a respectful distance, her arms folded demurely in her little red shawl, listening to the housekeeper's discourse.

"Well, you see, Sir," returned Mrs. Darvis, in her slow, methodical way, "the old Squire would have liked Mr. George to stop at home, and take an interest in the estate, for he was always adding something to the property, and his heart and mind were wrapped up in it, as you may say. Folks might call him a miser, but it was not money he cared for; it was land, and to add to the importance of the family, and to bring the estate back to what it had been when this house was built. Now Mr. George didn't care about staying at home. It was a lazy, sleepy kind of life, he said, and he had set his heart upon going into the army. The Squire gave way at last, and bought Mr. George a commission, but it was in a foot regiment, and that went rather against the grain with the young gentleman, for he wanted to go into the cavalry. So they didn't part quite so cordial like as they might have done when Mr. George joined his regiment and went out to India."

"You were here at the time, I suppose?"

"Lord love you, Sir, I was almost born here. My mother was housekeeper before me. She was the widow of a tradesman in Truro, very respectably connected. Mrs. Penwyn, the Squire's lady, took me for her own maid when I was only sixteen years of age, and I nursed her all through her last illness twelve years afterward, and when my poor mother died I succeeded her as housekeeper, and I look forward to dying in the same room where she died, and where I've slept for the last twenty years, when my own time comes, please God."

"So the Squire and his eldest son parted bad friends?"

"Not exactly bad friends, Sir, but there was a coolness between them, any body could see that. Mr. George—or the captain, as we used generally to call him after he went into the army—hadn't been gone a twelvemonth before there was a quarrel between the Squire and his second son, Mr.

Balfour, on account of the young gentleman marrying beneath him, according to his father's ideas. The lady was a brewer's daughter, and the Squire said Mr. Balfour was the first Penwyn who had ever degraded himself by marrying trade. Mr. Balfour was not much above twenty at the time, but he took a high hand about the matter, and never came to Penwyn Manor after his marriage."

"How was it that the eldest son never married?" asked Humphrey.

"Ah, Sir, thereby hangs a tale, as the saying is. Mr. George came home from India after he'd been away above ten years, and had distinguished himself by his good conduct and his courage, people told me, who had read his name in the papers during the war. He looked handsomer than ever, I thought, when he came home, though he was browned by the sun. And he was just as kind and pleasant in his manner as he had been when he was only a lad. Well, Sir, the Squire seemed delighted to have him back again, and made a great deal of him. They were always together about the place, and the Squire would lean on his son's arm sometimes when he had walked a long way, and was a trifle tired. It was the first time any one had ever seen him accept any body's support. They used to sit over their wine together of an evening, talking and laughing, and as happy as father and son could be together. All of us—we were all old servants—felt pleased to see it, for we were all fond of Mr. George, and looked to him as our master in days to come."

"And pray how long did this pleasant state of things endure?"

"Two or three months, Sir; and then all at once we saw a cloud. Mr. George began to go out shooting early in the morning—it was the autumn season just then—and seldom came home till dark; and the Squire seemed silent and grumpy of an evening. None of us could guess what it all meant, for we had heard no high words between the two gentlemen, till all at once, by some roundabout way which I can't call to mind now, the mystery came out. There was an elderly gentleman living at Morgrave Park, a fine old place on the other side of Penwyn village, with an only daughter, an heiress, and very much thought of. Mr. Morgrave and his daughter had been over to luncheon two or three times since Mr. George came home, and he and the Squire had dined at Morgrave Park more than once; and I suppose Miss Morgrave and our Mr. George had met at other places, for they seemed quite friendly and intimate. She was a handsome young lady, but rather masculine in her ways—very fond of dogs and horses, and such like, and riding to hounds all the season through. But whatever she did was right, according to people's notions, on account of her being an heiress."

"And George Penwyn had fallen in love with this dashing young lady?"

"Not a bit of it, Sir. It came to our knowledge somehow that the Squire wanted Mr. George to marry her, and had some reason to believe that the young lady would say 'yes' if he asked her. But Mr. George didn't like her. She wasn't his style, he said, at which the Squire was desperately angry. 'Join Penwyn and Morgrave, and you'll have the finest estate in the county,' he said—'an estate fit for a nobleman; a finer property than the Penwyns owned in the days of James the First.' Mr. George wouldn't listen. 'I see what it is,' the Squire cried, in a rage; 'you want to disgrace me by some low marriage, to marry a shop-keeper's daughter, like your brother Balfour. But, by Heavens! if you do, I'll alter my will and leave the estate away from my race. It didn't matter so much in Balfour's case; neither he nor his are ever likely to be masters here; but I won't stand disobedience in this matter from you. I won't have a pack of kennel-born mongrels rioting here when I'm mouldering in my grave.'"

"What a sweet old gentleman!"

"Mr. George swore that he had no thought of making a low marriage; no thought of marrying at all yet awhile. He was happy enough as he was, he said; but he wouldn't marry a woman he didn't like, even to please his father. So they went on pretty quietly together for a little while after this, the Squire grumpy, but not saying much. And then Mr. George went up to London, and from there he went to join his regiment in Ireland, where they were stationed after they came from India, and he was about at different places for two or three years, during which time Miss Morgrave got married to a nobleman, much to the Squire's vexation. But I'm afraid I'm tiring you, Sir, with such a long story."

"Not at all. I like to hear it."

"Well, Mr. George came back one summer. He was home on leave for a little before he went on foreign service, and he and the Squire were pretty friendly again. It was a very hot summer, and Mr. George used to spend most of his time out-of-doors, fishing or idling away the days somehow. The Squire had a bad attack of gout that year, and was kept pretty close in his room. You couldn't expect a young man to sit in-doors all day, of course, but I've often wondered what Master George could find to amuse him among these solitary hills of ours, or down among the rocks by the sea. He staid all through the summer, however, and seemed happy enough, and in the autumn he went away to join his regiment, which was ordered off to Canada. I was thankful to remember afterward that he and the Squire parted good friends."

"Why?" asked Humphrey.

"Because they were never to meet again. Mr. George was killed in a fight with the savages six months after he went away. I remember the letter coming that brought the news one fine spring evening. The Squire was standing in this hall, just by that window, when Miles, the old butler, gave him the letter. He just read the beginning of it, and fell down as if he had been struck dead. It was his first stroke of apoplexy, and he was never quite the same afterward, though he was a wonderful old gentleman to the last."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JULY.

Sunday, 19.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 25.—St. James.
Sunday, 26.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

AUGUST.

Sunday, 2.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 9.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 16.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 23.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday, 30.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

THE appearance of Mr. TILTON's letter to Dr. BACON has induced Mr. BEECHER to demand an immediate investigation of the charges therein contained. He has requested Messrs. HENRY W. SAGE, AUGUSTUS STORRS, and HENRY M. CLEVELAND to act on behalf of Plymouth Church, and Messrs. HORACE B. CLAFLIN, JOHN WINSLOW, and S. V. WHITE in behalf of the society. The Examining Committee of the church has sanctioned the selection made by the pastor, and has requested the gentlemen named to act as a sub-committee in its behalf. Several meetings have already been held, and testimony has been taken.

The Young Men's Christian Associations in the United States and the British Provinces have increased to the number of 945. Of these 343 report 56,203 members. Forty-seven associations have buildings valued at $1,958,000; fifty-six have building funds amounting to $529,662. There are also thirty-two associations in colleges and literary institutions. These facts show an increase both in the number of the associations and their resources.

The deposition of Bishop CUMMINS from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church has been pronounced by the Right Rev. BENJAMIN BOSWORTH SMITH, senior bishop. This act is dated June 24, 1874.

The ultramontane programme for Germany has been announced by the "Catholic Union," which met June last in the city of Mainz. It contains these propositions: "That modern civilization is incompatible with the Church; that the result of the conflict with the Church will be the dissolution of social and political order; and that no improvement can be hoped for until the political independence and the traditional rights of the Holy See are restored." The Union denounces the constitution of the German Empire. It numbers nearly 90,000 members; the recent meeting was attended by 500 delegates. It will be seen that the German ultramontanes disdain all compromise.

A new evangelical itinerancy has been invented in India. A Christian native of Bengal goes out in the early morning on a velocipede, and preaches to the villagers and others on their way to and from the markets. As the groups move along the road, this Christian moves along with them, and keeps up conversation.

The debate on the Duke of Richmond's bill for the abolition of patronage in the Scotch Established Church has brought out some comparisons of the working of the free and state church systems not very favorable to the latter. For instance, in the city of Glasgow, out of a total of 229 churches only sixty-three are Established, sixty-two are of the Free Kirk, and fifty-four United Presbyterian. In the two city parishes 7065 Establishment sittings are let; in the Free churches the number of sittings let is 18,322. In ten leading Established churches the total revenue is £4600, in ten Free churches near by the revenue is £11,754, and in ten others £15,422. The state churches, if these figures are correct, fall far behind their competitors.

A writer in the *Tablet* furnishes some statistics intended to show the disposition of our colored population toward Catholicity. In Baltimore there is one colored Catholic congregation, that of St. Francis Xavier, under the care of the Jesuits. There is also an asylum for colored children. The writer estimates that one-fourth of the blacks of Maryland are Catholics, which we should judge extravagant. St. Louis and Louisville have each one congregation of colored Catholics; in New Orleans each of the Catholic churches has a negro congregation attached to it. The statistics of Romanism among the blacks out of the chief cities are not given.

The corner-stone of the Lincoln Memorial Tower, which the Rev. NEWMAN HALL's congregation have undertaken to erect, was laid on the 10th of July by the Hon. ROBERT C. SCHENCK, United States minister to Great Britain. It is the design of this addition to Mr. HALL's church to commemorate the abolition of slavery in the United States. The funds for its erection have been contributed partly here and partly in England.

The "Public Worship Regulation Bill," which has reached the House of Commons, is now in the following shape: An archdeacon, rural dean, church-warden, or three parishioners may represent to a bishop that a clergyman "is conducting divine service improperly." The bishop has the option to decline entertaining the complaint. If he judges that it ought to be heard, he will invite the parties to submit to his arbitration; if they do so submit, his decision will be final. Should they refuse his arbitration, the case will be tried by a lay judge specially appointed by the two archbishops.

As we have already noted, the opposition to this bill is very bitter. Two thousand of the clergy and eighteen thousand of the laity have petitioned against its passage. Its effect will be somewhat relieved by the consent of the government, just given, to a revision of the rubrics by Convocation. A bill has also been introduced by the Bishop of London, empowering the crown to give legal effect to the conclusions which Convocation may reach. Thus, while the one measure provides for punishing violations of the law, the other opens the question what the law shall be.

The Catholic bishops of Germany have held a meeting at Fulda, and have, no doubt, considered the troubled relations of their Church to the state. At present reconciliation seems impossible. The recent negotiations in Italy between the government and the Pope for a settlement of their long quarrel show that PIUS IX. is not likely to make any concession which the state will accept. In this instance he proposed four bases of agreement: (1) His civil list to be paid by the Italian government, without requiring the signature of his secretary, Cardinal ANTONELLI; (2) the royal *exequatur* to be abolished, and the right of the Pope to appoint bishops without restriction to be admitted; (3) the removal of schools from state control; (4) withdrawal of the bill requiring civil marriage. The Italian ministry would not agree to the second and third stipulations, and the negotiations were broken off. It is evident that the Pope will not recognize state interference with marriage and education; it is equally evident that Italy will not yield what it has with infinite pains and patience gained.

Should the fruits of Christian missions in Japan be comparable with those obtained in India, they will be very great, for there are already eighty-seven Protestant missionaries in the empire; of these the American Board has sent twenty, the American Presbyterian Board thirteen, the Reformed Church (American) eleven, the Protestant Episcopal eleven, the Methodist Episcopal ten, and the Baptist Union six. Forty-nine are stationed at Yokohama and Jeddo. In the former city there is a native church of fifty members, and in the latter one of nine members. Fifty native Japanese newspapers have "sprung into existence within the past two years;" four-fifths of them are published at Jeddo. This city, the missionaries report, is the Paris of Japan, and in matters of opinion controls the empire.

The exact language of the protest made by the Pope on the anniversary of his accession against the Italian occupation of Rome has reached this country through the mails. A few sentences of it had been previously reported by the cable. In the presence of the cardinals PIUS repeated his most solemn protests against the usurpation of the temporal dominions of the Holy See, the abolition of the religious orders, and against all sacrilegious acts perpetrated by the foes of the Church. "The new-comers," he said, "wish me to come to terms, and express their wishes *viva voce* and in writing. The last letter of this sort, written with much calmness and respect, lies yet on my writing-table, and in it they ask me, as the Vicar of the God of peace, to pardon all the enemies of the Church, and remove the excommunications which weigh upon their consciences. Our answer to all this is that we will unite with the episcopacy which in Germany, Brazil, and all the Catholic Church shows such luminous constancy and firmness."

The Pope's programme is war to the last extremity. The Roman people appear very willing to accept the issue. On the evening of Wednesday, June 24, a mob repaired to the Vatican with torches, and shouted, "Abbassi il Vaticano! Viva GARIBALDI!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Is the game worth the powder?" is a trite old proverb, put in the interrogatory form, we suppose, out of deference to people's feelings. The query is raised, and the subject—whatever it may be—is left open for discussion or consideration. The question involved in the above-mentioned proverb was very forcibly brought home to many minds on the recent Fourth of July. While every American citizen has good reason to rejoice on the anniversary of our nation's independence, the day, as observed in New York and Brooklyn, and doubtless in other large cities, is becoming a nuisance to thousands of men and women. We know there are very many who spend the entire day within-doors because they feel neither safe nor comfortable in passing through our streets. Cars and boats going from the city on the Fourth are so thronged that those who shrink from motley crowds find no pleasure in excursions. Even within the precincts of their own dwellings, if there is safety, which is not always the case, there is often great discomfort. It is not merely the perpetual snap and fizzle of torpedoes and fire-crackers—those might be endured for the sake of the young folks who genuinely enjoy them; but when the youthful patriot next door commences discharging his pistol at early dawn, and keeps it up till midnight; and the big boy across the way plants his small cannon on the sidewalk and "celebrates" all day; when there is "cannon to the right, cannon to the left, cannon in front"—the head and nerves of many well persons rebel against the incessant noise. How many sick and feeble persons are seriously injured by such demonstrations none can tell. This is but one result of our national method of celebrating Independence-day. The next day's newspaper record shows a long list of affrays, fires, and accidents; some deaths always, and many torn and mangled limbs. The annual story needs no repetition. There is a very general disregard of both reason and law on this day; and the results are every year becoming more serious. Are not a hundred years of powder and fire-crackers enough to prove the patriotism of any nation? Might there not in the future be less ammunition wasted, and might there not be an infusion of some more sensible and comfortable amusement by way of testifying our love of country? Would not the Centennial celebration be a fitting time to devise some modes for the general observance of the Fourth of July which shall be pleasing to the masses, and yet in some measure supersede the "pop, fizz, and bang" which now monopolize the whole day?

Although comets have in past times caused much terror and alarm, it is quite probable that our earth may have come in contact with several of them without ever knowing it. These fitful wanderers are supposed to have so little actual substance as to be incapable of doing any great harm. Nevertheless, many physical effects have been attributed to their influence. When the comet of 1835 appeared, the violent winter winds and the intense heat of the summer were referred to its proximity. The great comet of 1843 startled the Millerites of the country into immediate preparation of their ascension robes. The comet of 1861 was termed the "war comet," and of course was thought by the timid to have something special to do with the civil war.

The following simple remedy, to be applied to the wound inflicted by a rabid dog, is said to have been used with great success in Leipsic, and to some extent in this country: "Wash the bite thoroughly with warm vinegar, and then pour on it a few drops of muriatic acid."

Switzerland compels every newly married couple to plant six trees immediately after the ceremony, and two on the birth of every child.

The "Nathan murder," which occurred four years ago in the family residence in Twenty-third Street, is yet fresh in the mind of citizens. It is singular that since that time the house has stood unoccupied, no one being found who cared to purchase or lease a building over which hung the shadow of an undiscovered criminal. The house is consequently being demolished, and will be converted into a store.

Timid people need not be alarmed—but, according to a learned scientist, the comet which is now wandering through the northwestern sky will strike the earth with its tail on July 20. No appreciable physical effects upon our earth are apprehended.

The "season" commenced late at Newport, but now is fully begun. The "rush" thither, however, comes the latter part of July and in August.

Ladies at the Saratoga hotels discard hats and bonnets, and walk about the village with uncovered heads, in so far as the above-mentioned articles are concerned. Of course they lay themselves open to criticism for this departure from common custom. But the ordinary bonnet does not afford such an amount of protection that its loss need be severely felt.

Whiffs from Ararat is the breezy title of a journal which has been established by American pilgrims at the very foot of the mountain. The paper contains some curious local topics.

We are happy to believe that Fire Island, notwithstanding its scorching name, is always comparatively cool, and altogether agreeable even in the hottest part of the season.

How much of what is said among people is understood by dogs? On one of our hottest days the unfortunate dogs confined in the city pound appeared to suffer intensely from the suffocating air. A gentleman, desirous of purchasing a watch-dog, went there, and after some examination decided to buy a young black dog, for which he paid the regulation price of three dollars. When Mr. Marriott, the pound master, went to tie a rope about the dog's neck in order that the gentleman might lead him away, it really seemed as if he knew he had been redeemed. He jumped up as Mr. Marriott approached him, and leaped and fawned on him, and put out his head as if desirous of being tied. When his new master led him out, all the other dogs seemed to grow frantic, and broke out into a series of howls and yells that were painful to hear, not only because they were almost deafening, but because it seemed as if they knew they were being reserved for a worse fate.

The doom-palm of Upper Egypt forms the principal food for the poor, and its infusion with dates is an agreeable drink, and considered a reliable cure in fever. The Thebais is a district in the southern part of Upper Egypt, on which stood the ancient and magnificent city of Thebes. The doom-palm forms extensive forests in the Thebais, the roots spreading over the deeply buried ruins. And a very useful tree it is, its leaves furnishing roofing, and the trunk material for constructing dwellings; the down attached to the young leaves serves for filling mattresses and pillows; the ribs of the leaves and fibres of the root-stalks are used for baskets and brooms. There are two harvests of the fruit, which is the size of an orange, but of an irregular shape. The outer skin, which is red, is peeled off, and around a kernel is a spongy, dry substance, which is the food of the poorer population of Upper Egypt.

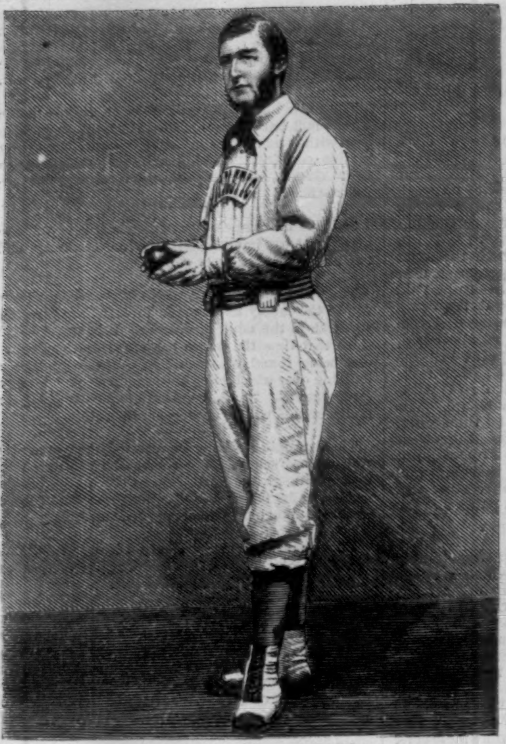
Many adults possess a spirit very much like that of the timid little boy who was recently overheard to say, while alone in a dark room, "O Lord, don't let any one hurt me, and I'll go to church next Sunday and give you some money!"

Comets carry long trails. The tail of the comet of 1680 was 96,000,000 miles long; that of the comet of 1811 was 100,000,000 miles in length; the comet of 1843 had a train of 150,000,000 miles; and that of Donati's comet, in 1858, was about 50,000,000 miles in length. The development of the tail is often wonderfully rapid. In the comet of 1858, on August 29 the length of the tail was two degrees, or 14,000,000 miles. On October 10 it was sixty degrees, or 51,000,000 miles.

The "Poor Children's Summer-House" is located on a high hill on Staten Island, commanding views far out to sea, and receiving an abundant supply of salt breezes. Shade and fruit trees surround it, and there is also a garden with seven acres of land, and cows that supply genuine milk. Every week about seventy pale and puny little children are sent from the city to this country retreat for a week's holiday, to breathe fresh air, and to eat nourishing food. Thin faces grow plump and ruddy under these auspicious influences.

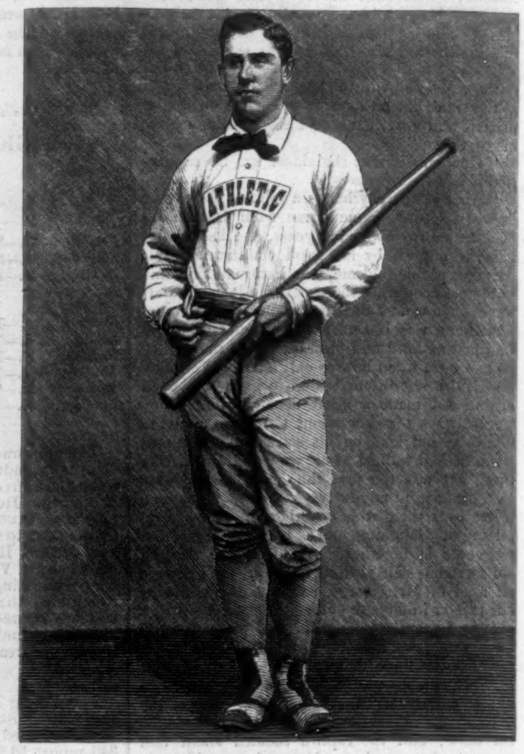
Throwing the skins of bananas, oranges, and of other fruits upon the sidewalk should be regarded as a misdemeanor. Almost every day serious injuries result from these treacherous skins tossed carelessly upon the thoroughfare.

The subject of hydrophobia is undergoing thorough investigation. A meeting of the medical faculty was recently convened at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city, and the various complex questions in connection with this mysterious disease were frankly discussed. "What is hydrophobia?" "Can the disease be produced by the bite of a non-rabid dog?" "Can it be caused by the imagination alone?" "What are the best methods of prevention and of treatment?" These and kindred topics were brought before the meeting by various physicians. As yet the disease is not fully understood by medical men, but facts are studied carefully, and knowledge in regard to it is increasing.

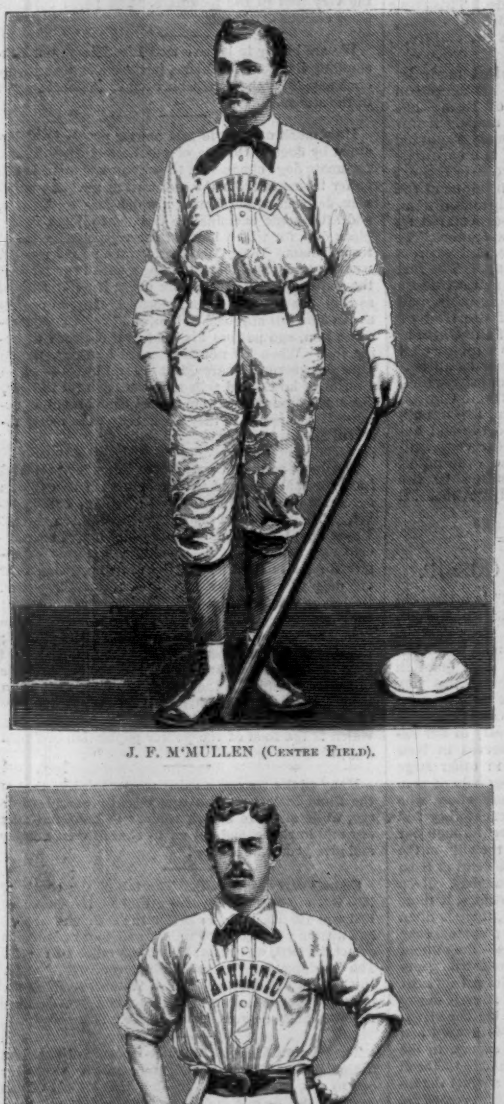


J. D. M'BRIDE (CAPTAIN AND PITCHER).

J. E. CLAPP (CATCHER).

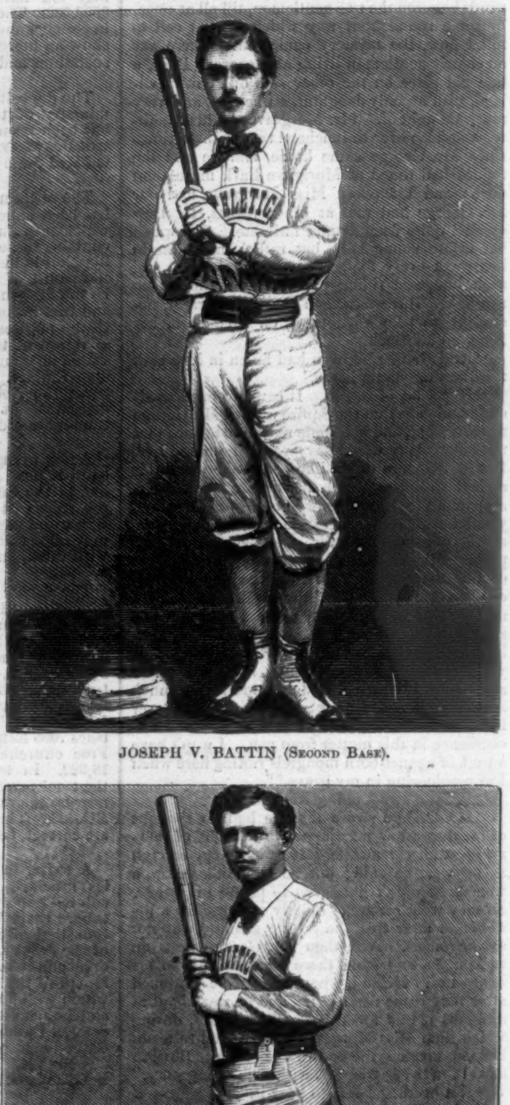


W. M. M'GEARY (SHORT STOP).



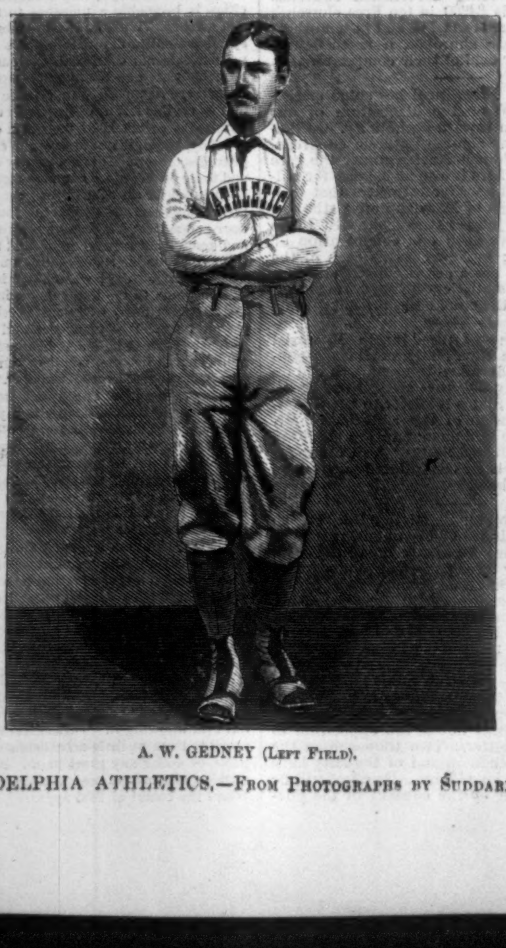
J. F. M'MULLEN (CENTRE FIELD).

WESTON D. FISLER (FIRST BASE).



JOSEPH V. BATTIN (SECOND BASE).

E. B. SUTTON (THIRD BASE).



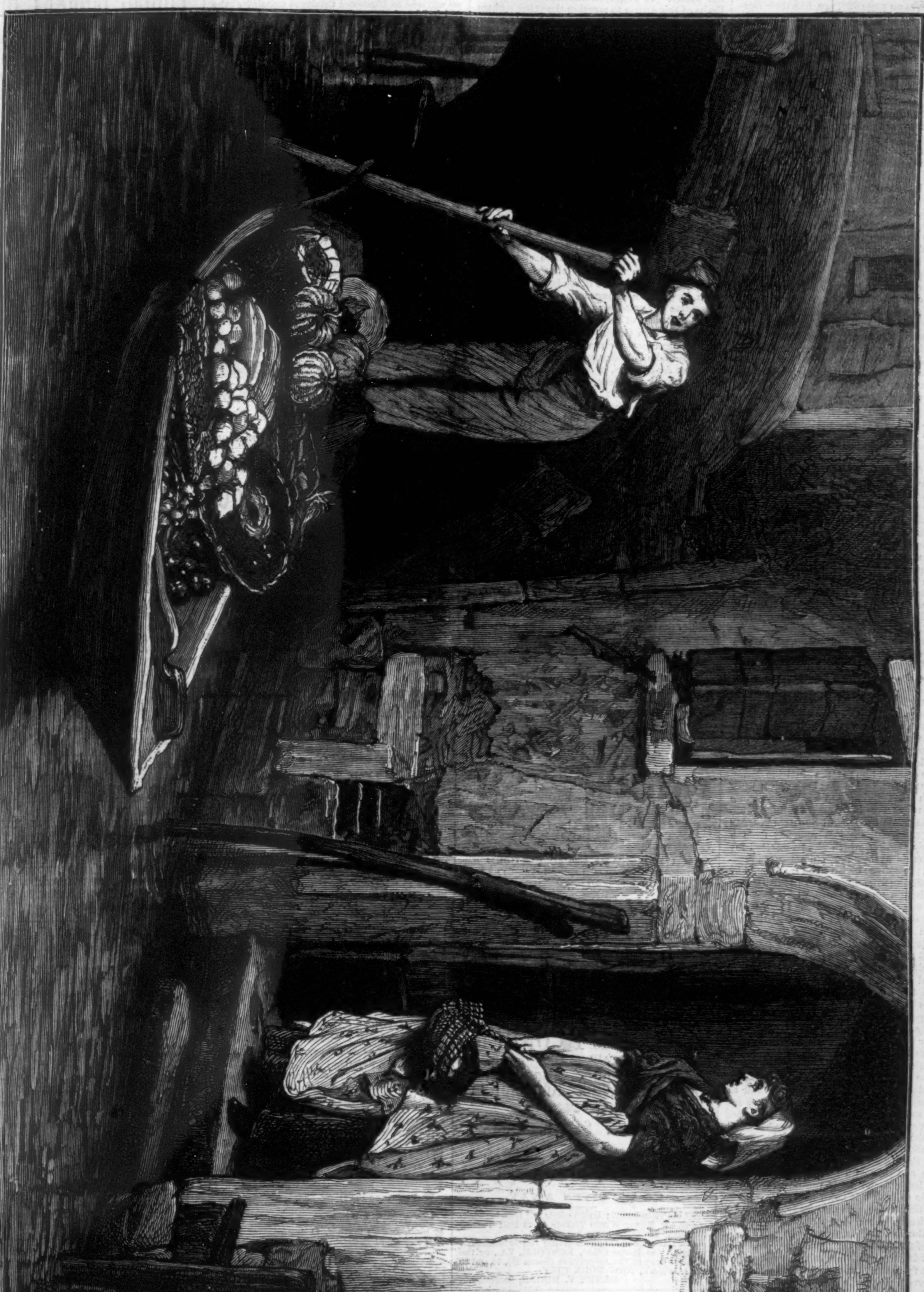
A. W. GEDNEY (LEFT FIELD).

A. C. ANSON (RIGHT FIELD).

INTERNATIONAL BASE-BALL—THE PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUDDARDS & FENNEMORE, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 626.]

"A VENETIAN FRUIT-SELLER."

NOTWITHSTANDING the railroad, the long monotonous bridge, and the devastations of modern taste, all of which have been so heartily denounced by RUSKIN, Venice is one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and one that an appreciative traveler finds more enjoyable than any other place in Europe. It is true that one misses dola that ever floated was not preferable to a street car or lumbering stage—and take no interest in such scenes as the one presented in our engraving. Such people would better avoid Venice; but one whose imagination kindles at the thought of her long and glorious history, who loves magnificent architecture, takes delight in splendid picture galleries, and enjoys the picturesque in manners and customs, will find the still on the lovely island of Lido, only ten minutes from the city by gondola, which has been converted into a fashionable watering-place. This island is about ten miles long and about half a mile in width, with a smooth sandy beach running far into the water and extending its entire length. On this beach hundreds of bathing-houses have been erected, with steps leading directly into the water. Lido has another advan- wares around in boats, and the absence of the rumble of wheels is peculiarly grateful to ears accustomed to the din of our stone-paved streets with their crowds of wagons, carts, and carriages. The gondolas supply their place. These boats, peculiar to Venice, are long, narrow, and very light, and in the centre is a cabin nicely fitted up with glass windows, blinds, cushioned seats, etc. According to an ancient law of the city



"A VENETIAN FRUIT-SELLER."—[FROM A PICTURE BY ORCHARDSON, A. R. A.]

the spacious parks, the drives, the shaded avenues and boulevards, to be found in other cities; but he must have a very prosaic mind who would soon tire of the matchless splendors of the churches and palaces of Venice, of the magnificence of the Grand Canal, and the glories of her picture-galleries. Americans and Englishmen sometimes inveigh against the narrow and crooked streets, against the inconvenience of having to go every where by boat—as if the poorest gon- beautiful "Queen of the Adriatic" a most delightful and charming place for a long visit.

Of course one must be prepared for some disagreeable things. The water in some of the canals becomes almost stagnant in hot weather, and emits an offensive odor, arising in part from the refuse thrown in from the houses; but the larger canals are free from this annoyance. Those who wish merely to see Venice without residing there can take up their quarters in the elegant hotels tage. From the balconies of the hotels a most glorious view may be had of the towers and minarets of the beautiful city. For this reason the traveler may prefer Lido to Venice as a place of sojourn, as VICTOR HUGO preferred the little town of Deutz to Cologne, because, as he says in his *Rhine*, "the windows of Cologne look on Deutz; those of Deutz look on Cologne."

There are no carts nor carriages in Venice. The butcher, the baker, the grocer, send their they are painted black; but those belonging to wealthy private families are sometimes very richly decorated. The gondola is usually managed by a single gondolier. Being light and easily propelled, it cuts its way through the water with great rapidity, and the entire city may be traversed in a very short space of time. Our city readers may remember a specimen of the gondola, sent from Venice, that used to be an object of great curiosity to visitors to our Central Park.

INTERNATIONAL BASE-BALL.

As a supplement to the portraits of the Boston champion base-ball players given in the *Weekly* for June 27, we present our readers with those of the ex-champion Athletics, of Philadelphia, who are soon to visit England in conjunction with the former to try their skill against the most noted base-ball players of that country. The Philadelphians, as may be seen by reference to their portraits on page 624, are, like their Boston comrades, an intelligent, sturdy, and muscular set of young men. The career of both clubs will be watched with interest, and the good wishes of all for their success will follow them across the sea.

SARATOGA.

THE great College Regatta draws all eyes this summer toward Saratoga Springs; and for the benefit of those who can not attend the contest, as well as for those who can enjoy that privilege, we print this week a carefully engraved bird's-eye view of this celebrated watering-place, including a large part of the surrounding country, and showing in the foreground a portion of the beautiful sheet of water selected for the course. The lettering on the face of the engraving points out all the interesting localities, and precludes the necessity of a description in detail.

Saratoga has maintained a steady progress as a watering-place almost from the beginning of the present century, and is now one of the most flourishing and attractive of our inland towns. It numbers at the present time about eight thousand inhabitants. Its churches, schools, hotels, and stores are of a character suited to the necessities of a place of wealth and fashion. Elegant private residences, with handsomely ornamented grounds, are numerous, and rapidly multiplying with the increase of opulent citizens who establish country-seats here, or upon retiring from active business make it the place of their permanent abode. In this respect the town is speedily acquiring a resemblance to the most celebrated European watering-places. The grounds of the principal fountains are adorned with a great number of forest and ornamental trees, and, with the well-paved and finely shaded walks of the leading thoroughfares, render a promenade a delightful recreation. Provisions for the convenient and comfortable accommodation of visitors are made on a liberal scale. Furnished houses for the season may be obtained by those who desire them. Private boarding-houses are of course numerous, and the large and fashionable hotels—the "United States," the "Grand Union," the "Clarendon," the "Grand Hotel," the "Arlington," and the "Congress Hall"—for elegance, luxury, and good management are unsurpassed in the country.

The virtues of the mineral waters which give the place its chief celebrity, and which draw at least a hundred thousand visitors every year from every part of the country and from Europe, were known to the Indians long before the settlement of the country by the whites, and were regarded with peculiar veneration. It is related that in August, 1767, while Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON, the friend and whilom leader of the Mohawks, was suffering from disease induced by a severe wound, the tribe held a solemn council, at which it was determined to conduct him to "the Medicine Spring of the Great Spirit." He was borne on a litter to the High Rock Spring, and was its first white visitor. In four days his strength returned rapidly, and he wrote to General SCHUYLER, "My dear SCHUYLER, I have just returned from a most amazing spring, which almost effected my cure." The tidings soon spread among the colonists, and the springs began to be frequented by persons suffering from disease. In 1773 DIRICK SCOWTON built a small log tavern near the High Rock, but was soon driven away by the Indians, who resented the invasion of their ancient privileges. An enterprising man from Rhode Island repeated the experiment the following year. From 1776 to 1783 no white person lived there, though visitors were frequent.

The real history of Saratoga may be said to date from the discovery of what is known as "Congress Spring," in 1792, by a party of gentlemen engaged in hunting in the vicinity. One of the party was Mr. JOHN TAYLOR GILMAN, an ex-member of Congress from New Hampshire. Their attention chanced to be attracted to a small stream of water issuing from the rocky bank of the stream along which they were sauntering, which, upon being tested, was found to be a mineral water of agreeable taste and remarkable strength. Out of compliment to Mr. GILMAN it was named the "Congress Spring." At first the water could be obtained only in small quantities, owing to the position of the rock, and the nature of the aperture from which it flowed; and this, with its increasing popularity, soon being found to be insufficient, efforts were made to render it more accessible, and at the same time to increase the supply. These efforts resulted in a temporary obstruction of the water. But in 1804 Mr. GIDEON PUTNAM, who was one of the founders of the village, observing bubbles rising to the surface of the brook within a few feet from the spot at which the water was first observed to flow, conceived the idea that the principal point of discharge was in the bed of the brook, and that by turning the stream aside through an artificial channel this invaluable spring might be permanently secured. In carrying out this design he was entirely successful, a copious supply of the mineral water being found to flow from the point indicated. After thus reaching the spring, he caused the earth to be carefully removed some feet below the bed of the brook, and by proper tubing so effectually protected it that an apparently unlimited supply was secured, without the necessity of any further excavation or tubing, for about forty years.

The land on which the spring was situated was purchased in 1823 by Dr. JOHN CLARKE, of New York, who made various improvements, and commenced bottling the waters for exportation. The original tubing was replaced, in 1842, by a new and more effective contrivance. Since then the spring has passed under the control of the "Congress and Empire Spring Company," which has made many improvements, and carries on an extensive business in bottling and shipping the waters. It would be impossible within the limits of this article to mention the other springs in detail. Their respective medicinal qualities are well known, and though the "Congress Spring" claims a larger share of interest on account of its history, the others enjoy their full measure of popularity. Of the springs recently opened the "Hathorn," discovered in 1869, has the widest reputation, and the waters are sold extensively throughout the country.

The selection of Saratoga Lake as the permanent course for all inter-collegiate regattas was a wise policy, and removes from the present and all future contests of this kind an element of disturbance. No other course within reach, it is believed, offers so many advantages and is subject to so few objections as this charming sheet of water. It lies about four miles to the east of Saratoga; is eight miles long by one and a half in width, and is reached by a most pleasant and attractive drive. The surrounding scenery is quiet but pleasing, the land sloping into gentle hills, from which charming views may be had. The Indian name of the lake was Kayaderoga, long since exchanged for the more euphonious name of Saratoga, which is also Indian, and signifies "place of herrings," applied to a stream now called Fish Creek. The work of perfecting the arrangements for the grand regatta on this beautiful lake fell principally upon the Saratoga Rowing Association, of which Colonel JOHN P. CONKLING is president; and it is due to them and to him to say that they have performed their task in the most admirable manner. The police precautions were excellent and effective. To prevent a species of extortion generally practiced on such occasions, the hack-men of Saratoga were induced to bind themselves to make moderate charges for conveyances to the scene of the contest; while the owners of lands bordering on the lake bound themselves to make no charge for the admission of spectators to fields not planted with crops, and to allow the association to erect upon their lands adjacent to the lake suitable boat-houses to be used by the crews during their training and at the time of the regatta. Nothing, in fact, could be more effective than the arrangements carried out by the association. They show that not only is Saratoga Lake the best course in the country for a grand regatta, but that the people of the town and the surrounding country have a truly liberal and generous appreciation of this manly and interesting college sport.

IN connection with our full-page illustration of the Athletic Nine, we would call attention to PECK & SNYDER's advertisement on the last page.—[*Com.*]

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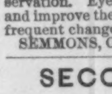

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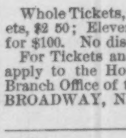
HENRY V. MOORE, Secretary.



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(*Late U. S. Consul General at Paris.*)
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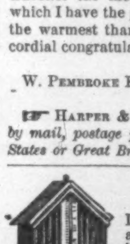

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With an Illustration.
OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR: MEXICO. III. By Bishop GILBERT HAVEN, D.D.
With Twelve Illustrations.
BEN SADI'S QUEST.
ON THE BOUNDARY LINE.
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THE LIVING LINK. By the Author of "THE DODGE CLUB," "THE AMERICAN BARON," ETC.
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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
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An interesting paper, profusely illustrated, on the Spurs of the Green Mountains and Lake Memphremagog.

A striking poem by R. H. STODDARD, illustrated by FREDERICKS. Also, a poem by WILL WALLACE HARNEY, entitled "Trout-Fishing," illustrated by HOMER.

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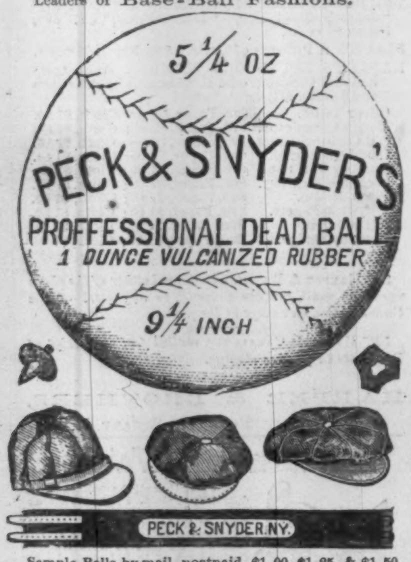

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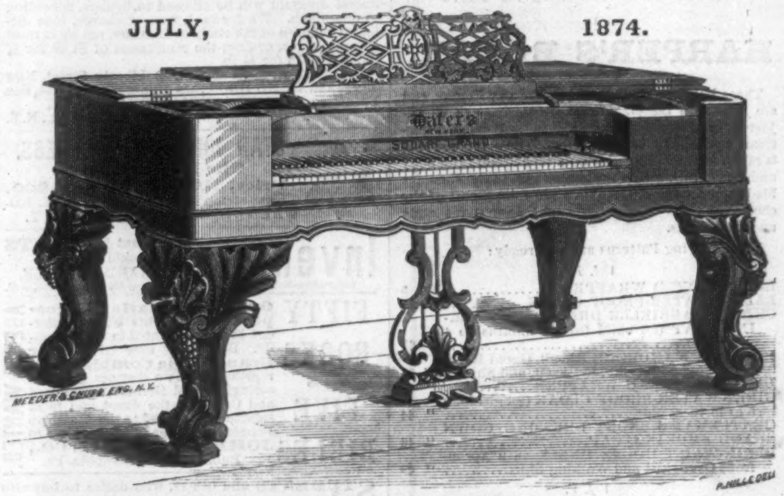

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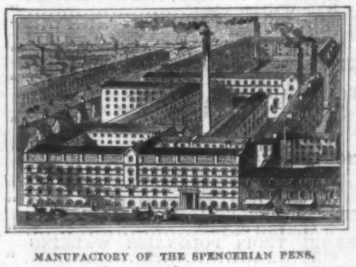

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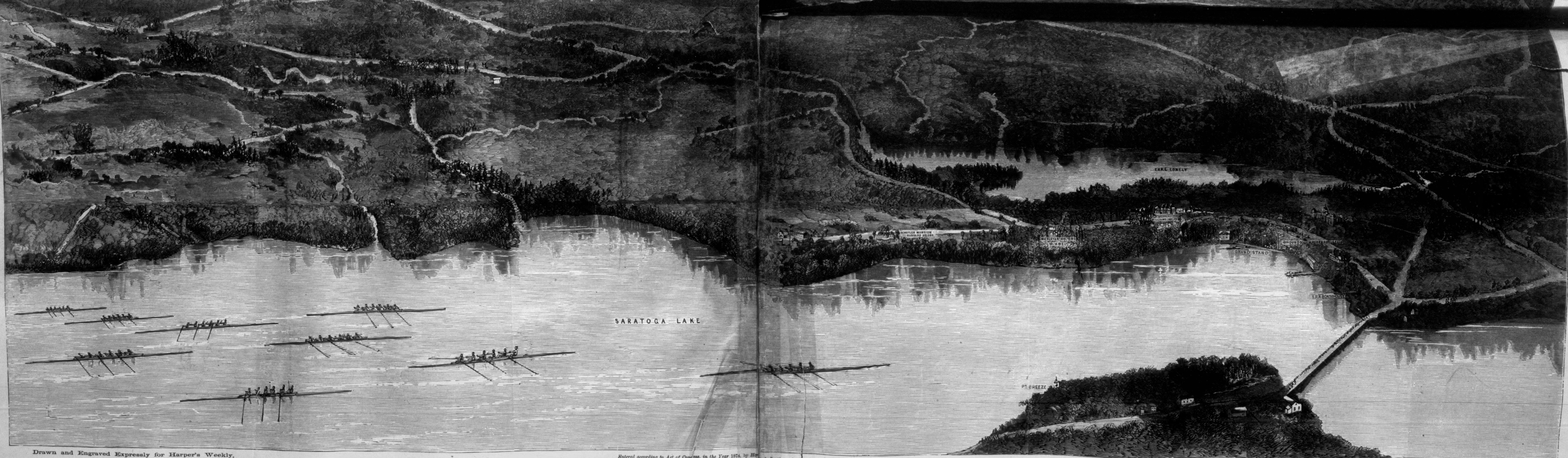

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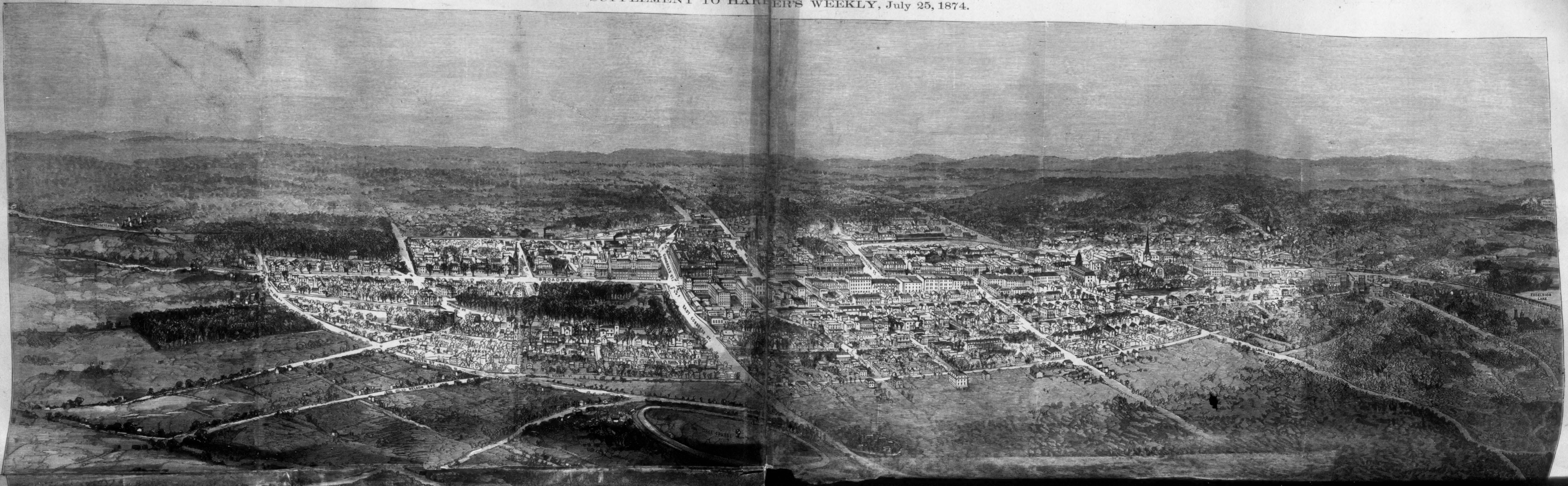
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